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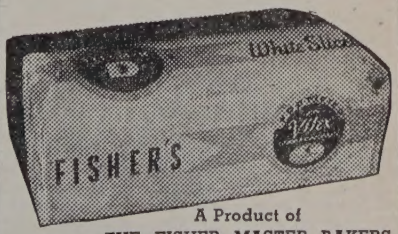

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—Cleone Montgomery.

The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXVI JULY, 1939 No. 7

Woman As An Interpreter Of The Faith

By Maude Beeley Jacob

"A woman's rank lies in the fullness of her womanhood."

WOMEN today point with pride, and justly so, to their accomplishments in the professions, the arts, commerce, industry, education, and politics. Today, the position and service of woman is elevated to a point never before attained; today, the power and responsibility of woman is most potent. In this new pride of achievement one pauses to ask, is the ancient pride of the mother of the Gracchi forgotten? In this new elevation of responsibility is woman neglecting her place in the trinity of father, mother, and child?

Many and varied are the opinions of those who are considering the role of woman in the world of today. In discussing the heritage of woman, invariably the emphasis is placed upon her ignominious role as the possession of man in the ancient world. Anathemas are still being hurled at Eve for the woes of man and the world generally. The long struggle of emergence from "female to woman" receives much historical attention. Feminism and anti-feminism call for many a eulogy and many a diatribe. The pessimist looks to the future of civilization with alarm as he claims that because woman has stepped out of her role family and fireside have "left the house". To reveal the delusion of equality woman is constantly reminded that a woman has not yet been a Shakespeare, or a Newton, or a Michelangelo, or a Beethoven. Of the divinity of woman, her place in the scheme of creation, what has been said? Of the age-old role of woman, that of mother-teacher, her supreme contribution, what is needed most to be said? That which will bring to the heart of woman the conviction that: "God has placed the genius of woman in their hearts, because the works of this genius are always works of love."

In the great heart of woman her significance intellectually, politically, or socially is not the supreme issue. Now, as of old, she accepts her dual role, that of mother and of teacher. Today, the sanctity of the home rests primarily upon marriage. The entire future of civilization depends upon parenthood. "To open the capacities of body, mind, and spirit, so that life may flow in upon a young soul" is the mission of motherhood. To this double-natured motherhood St. Augustine pays tribute as he records his eulogy of his mother, Monica: "She was twice my mother, brought me to birth in the flesh, that I might be born into this earthly light; in heart that I might

be born into light eternal." Ibsen, the keen analyst of the social forces that have molded our modern civilization, saw the significance of woman's dual role: "Women will solve the question of mankind, and they will do it as mothers. They will serve also as teachers, the earliest of schoolrooms being the mother's knee." From the pages of the great literary expression of the ages as well as from the creations of art and sculpture it is in this dual role which woman stands glorified and immortalized.

AS the "Mothers of Israel" lie revealed in the lives of the women of the Old Testament, it is the mother-love of the mothers of Moses and Samuel we turn to for inspiration. It was the mother-love that inspired the mother of Moses to place her babe that the woman-heart of Pharoah's daughter might cause his life to be spared. It, too, was her task to keep alive in her child's soul the faith of his fathers, trust in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, a preparation which was to make him ready to be called by God to deliver Israel. It was gratitude for the gift of motherhood that gave Hannah courage to fulfil her promise and prepare her son, Samuel, for God's service. Directing the boy's earliest thoughts toward Jehovah she related the great events in the history of the Hebrews, the lives of great leaders were told and retold with pride of detail; for in the Talmud Hannah had read, "Who is best taught?" also the answer, "He that is taught by his mother." To her this was her sacred obligation. After her son was accepted for service in the temple, Hannah's task received its approbation. Then yearly she went to pre sent the family sacrifice, taking with her the garments she had fashioned with her own hands for her son t wear. This was her joy and her re newing. The reward of Hannah a of the mother of Moses came in th service of the sons that they had pre pared for God's great purposes.

Christianity, through Mary o Nazareth, the mother of Jesus brought to the earth the divinity o motherhood. To us today Mary the Mother, is a mystical figure un less her life is re-created out of th historical fabric of the New Testa ment. At her knee Jesus learne the record, laws, and wisdom of th Jews. To Joseph and Mary as He brew parents the training of a so was a serious responsibility. By th age of twelve he must know th commandments of Moses, the si hundred other laws that had bee added to them, also the two hundre and fifty-eight forbids, for Judaism had become a religion of exactin discipline. Then there was the his torical record of the Old Testamen to know in detail as well as the wis dom of the prophets. Knowing a she did the divinity of Jesus and ex pecting the fulfillment of the Mes siahship, how sacred the early train ing of the boy Jesus must have bee to Mary. How she must have fo lowed with eager concern the prep aration for the first Passover a Jerusalem; how anxious for the ap probation of the learned rabbis fo her son's preparation, preparatio for the divine mission. Through out the ministry of Jesus we los sight of Mary.

Mary Borden in the biograph *Mary of Nazareth* paints an unforge table picture of the unreveale

mother of Jesus. It may err in detail, but in portraying the heart of Mary, the mother, it is a revelation of the mother-heart of womankind: It is a Sabbath evening and Mary is teaching Joseph and Jude, her grandchildren, one of the holy traditions that was to rule their lives. "Say it, children," she urged; "with what materials may the Sabbath lamps be lighted and with what may they not be lighted?" But before the little ones could answer, Mary's mind had wandered to Jesus teaching His new and surprising doctrine in Galilee. Strange reports had come to the tiny home in Nazareth to the effect that Jesus had been cast out of the synagogue for breaking the Law. Mary begged to be taken to her Son thinking that she could make peace with his enemies by pleading with Jesus to refrain from antagonizing the priests. But James had refused his mother, cautioning her to have nothing more to do with her son. At last Mary started out alone. Always she missed Jesus for He had gone on to Jerusalem. Then came the day when with Mary of Bethany and Mary of Magdala, the women who understood the mission of Jesus, she stood by the cross on Calvary. "These women who were the last at the cross and the earliest at the grave." Thus we see in Mary, the mother of Jesus, a pattern of motherhood often puzzled and bewildered, yet trusting implicitly to the end.

Good women have been the vehicles of divine inspiration and influence to the world continually. Few, however, like Cornelia, the Roman matron, have been honored by such a tribute for giving noble sons to the service of their country as she was in the statue erected with the inscription, "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi." Great mothers have seemed "unhonored and unsung" each generation, but from their combined efforts have arisen the refining factors of civilization. To man's material world of conquest and dominion they have brought the things of the spirit, "an influence constantly exerted on father, husband, son, or friend, a power wielded from the family hearth to the homes of science and the halls of legislation".

TO the women of today the Prophet Joseph Smith brought the true significance of woman's place in God's plan of creation—the great principle of an Eternal Mother as a partner with the Father in the heavenly spheres. Women's rights in the modern sense in the light of this sublime truth fade into nothingness. The divine right of woman is to participate in the spiritual gifts of the Gospel through the holy Priesthood. Man and Woman! Truly, "they rise or fall together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

When the roll of honor is called of the "Mothers of Mormonism," the mothers of the prophetic leaders of the Church will lead the list by royal right of the glorious sons they bore, God's chosen servants in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times of the everlasting Gospel. From different lands and creeds and cultures they came but with one outstanding characteristic, a deep and abiding faith in God. Lucy Mack Smith, mother of the Prophet Joseph Smith, will head the roll of honor. Keen of intellect, benevolent in heart and understanding in spirit she accepted the calling and teach-

ings of her son. Through persecution, suffering, and martyrdom she remained faithful to the cause of right. Brigham Young carried with him through life the memory of a mother whose gentle manners, refined taste, and beautiful devotion influenced so completely the lives of her children. A mother whose tact and sympathy mellowed the Puritan sternness of the father. A mother who taught her children their letters and what little schooling she knew. Whose admonitions were "Always to honor the name of the Father and the Son; to revere the Holy Book and observe its precepts." The life of Mary Fielding Smith, the mother of President Joseph F. Smith, is the record of a heroine in very deed by reason of her greatness of spirit and soul. Her glorious faith, her indefatigable industry, her personal charm, and her glorious courage are a noble pattern for the young womanhood of today to know and to emulate. The mothers of Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, and Lorenzo Snow, take their places in the gallery of our honored women as we know and appreciate them through the lives of our revered leaders. So often has the beautiful life of Rachel Ivins Grant been made the illustration of noble precepts and testimony that we honor her for her own life as well as for the life of our living Prophet and Leader.

To the noble woman, Eliza R. Snow, supreme in faith, superior in intellect, and a genius in expression the women of Mormonism owe the beautiful expression of the place of women in the philosophy of eternal progression. Taught the sublime truth by the Prophet Joseph Smith she gave it to the world as the poem, "O My Father," testifying to all mankind of the existence of an eternal motherhood.

All that modern progress has done for woman is accepted, its liberation, its education, and its opportunities; all that women have achieved is accepted with gratitude as well as with pride. With a more complete understanding of her own mission comes the realization that whatever other role she wishes to combine with motherhood, be it industry, business, or professional life, is her prerogative, but her obligation remains unaltered in the mother-teacher role.

With the assurance that comes to the women of the Church of their place in the eternal scheme of the Creator what is the contribution which may be accepted of them? What is the great need of today?

The great need of the world today is a true conception of the purpose of life; that God is the Eternal Father of all; that the laws of eternal progress are divine laws; that to each individual falls the responsibility for his own acts; that personality is sacred; and that the greatest of all laws is the Divine law of Love.

To fill her role as mother to her children is not all. As the mothers of Israel of old, she must be in very deed an interpreter of the faith, interpreting for them God, His laws and His love. To the women of her generation she must bring through the pattern of her life an interpretation of the true mission of motherhood. As the Gospel of Jesus Christ has brought to woman her greatest possession it should be now her greatest responsibility to make her life an interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Recreation of the Pioneers

By Juanita Brooks

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones."

BRIGHAM YOUNG realized the literal truth of this Proverb and in all his colonizing programs encouraged the people in recreational activities, often "calling" a man to a new settlement who could furnish music or who could direct the singing or dramatics. He knew from his experience in crossing the plains how often weary bodies were refreshed when hearts were uplifted in song or cheered by the dance.

The hardships attending the establishment of the empire in Utah were no less strenuous than those on the plains, and the people were in as much need of recreation. I have been interested in the accounts of pioneer recreation found in some of the diaries which it has been my privilege to handle. The following excerpts were taken from a diary in which each day's activities were chronicled:

"Jan. 1, 1882—The whole town turned out today to help finish the new school house so we could dance in it tonight. I put in the windows and hung the door."

"Jan. 9—Storm. We could not hold Sunday School in the new school house today, the roof leaked too bad."

"April 10—Myself and wives attended the last day of school dance. Enjoyed myself well. The new school house is better than dancing in homes as we have done. By just a little crowding we can have three sets. The boys don't wring on so bad. Two wagon loads from M..... attended." (This was a town seven miles away.)

Here certainly is more than meets the eye. How clearly is pictured the small building, as well as though the dimensions were given, with the thatched roof which leaked at the first heavy storm. We may be sure that the merrymakers who came in the wagons seven miles would be until almost morning getting home.

Here is another account illustrative of the life in the smaller towns:

"Later in the fall the brethren got pine logs out of Little Pine Valley and

Juanita Brooks of St. George found her great-grandmother's journal at the age of thirteen when she was helping an aunt with the house-cleaning. It was tucked away in the back of an old secretary, securely tied around with calico string. The backs were loose, the pages yellow and brittle with age, but the handwriting was still clear and legible. She says, "Forgetting my work, I opened the journal and began to read. The room in which I sat with its whitewashed walls, its rag carpet stretched over a bulging layer of crisp, fresh straw, everything vanished, and I was with the Saints during the stirring days in Nauvoo."

Thus she was initiated into a hobby which has become more fascinating with the years. She has had the privilege of reading more than a hundred handwritten originals, collected from homes in all parts of Utah, Arizona and Nevada. Some of them were daily diaries, some were made up of periodic entries, and some were journals written from memory late in life.

They cover, one or another of them, the whole range of the history of the Church. The part in which Mrs. Brooks is most interested is that dealing with life in Utah, particularly in the smaller settlements.

hewed them and built a meeting house 18 by 25 feet with a big stone fire place in one end. It was built at the west end of the fort, covered with lumber and dirt and ready for use on the first of Jan. 1868. To get wood to warm the house, they chose up sides. They were to work two hours, and the side that got beat was to furnish supper and a dance for the town. ."

These are typical of what happened in most of the settlements. Usually they cleared a place in the brush, leveled and dampened it, and danced, first under the open sky, later in a willow bowery, and still later in homes before a public building was finished. The music might be an accordion, or perhaps an orchestra composed of a violin with a guitar or organ accompaniment. Many a dance has been held to the music of a harmonica. The important thing was that they did have music of some kind.

And the dances! There was the intricate pattern of the quadrille, the grace of the lancers, the dignity of the schottische, the rollicking fun of the reels, the speed of the polka which left everyone perspiring and breathless, along with one or two precious waltzes. The dances were conducted in an orderly way. They were opened and closed with prayer; the ladies stayed on one side of the hall and the men on the other, and no one selected his partner until the dance was called, when they would "fill up the floor" either in quadrille formation or promenade by couples. This gave the floor manager a chance to check and see that no one was "wringing on". Each man was given a number and was allowed to dance only when his number was called. Energetic young fellows who wished to dance every time must buy more than one ticket. Among the poorer in the smaller towns it was not unusual for two boys to alternate during an evening, using one ticket and the same pair of shoes. On the other hand, some of the dances were quite elaborate and formal in the larger centers, as their invitations show.

One woman writes:

"I have gone to as grand balls in Dixie as there was in Salt Lake City in the '60s, with every article I had on but my shoes spun and made at home. I felt just as well dressed as I ever have in my life. We took pains to make our dresses fine and nice, and have our dresses fit us good."

Another from the same period but by a different writer:

"Mrs. Pratt, the wife of the apostle, came to the dance for a few minutes. She wore a large crinoline and a dress with a skirt of seven widths of cloth, all gathered around the waist and gave the appearance of a bustle all around. I can never forget the grandeur of it."

There were many occasions for holding dances. Regular holidays were always appropriately celebrated: Christmas, May Day, Thanksgiving, the Fourth of July, but perhaps more elaborately than any, the Twenty-fourth of July. Often this was the occasion for parades with covered wagon trains attacked by Indians. This account is quite typical:

"24 July 1867 celebrated in the new city under a spacious bowery. The people marched and rode to the bowery headed by the brass band. I drove the H..... carriage. After the services of song and speech, tables loaded with the peoples' picnic were surrounded and heartily partaken of. The afternoon was spent in visiting and games."

Contests sponsoring some community activity were common: Haul-

ing wood for the meeting house, graveling the sidewalks, killing off predatory animals, or cleaning the town canal. This was followed by a town dinner and dance. In addition there were "bees" of many kinds: Spinning bees, carpet-rag bees, quilting bees, and husking bees probably being most common. The refreshments often consisted of molasses candy and parched corn, or raisins and almonds, although occasionally a supper was served. But whatever they ate, the spirit of cooperation and fun was present.

THEY must make their own good times. Here was no commercial entertainment prepared and presented. For this reason, a play put on by local talent was usually a feature during the holiday week, while in some of the larger towns regular theatrical societies were organized and plays presented regularly and the proceeds given to some community enterprise. The late President A. W. Ivins, in a letter to Mrs. Zaidee Miles of St. George, tells how the first play in that town, "The Eaton Boy", was presented in the willow bowery, and his sister Caddie shocked the entire community by taking the part of a boy and appearing on the stage in pants. The records of the St. George Dramatic Company, organized a few years after the town was settled, show that for the presentation of the "Charcoal Burner" the proceeds totaled $51.40, of which $1.50 was cash and the remainder labor, molasses, dried fruit, wheat, etc. Produce was accepted as tickets in most of the early settlements.

Several qualities mark the recreational activities of the Mormon pioneers, whether in large centers or small. One is their reaching out for culture, their striving to improve their gifts. Along with the strenuous business of wresting a living from the stubborn soil, they did not lose sight of these ideals. This entry, made at St. George, while the city was still a camp of wagons, illustrates this:

"Here I may be allowed, with some degree of modest pride, to state that in the large tent furnished by Brother Asa Calkins I was first to give a lecture on English grammar, and had the honor of being one of the first group to take part in singing as a public choir while encamped."

How revealing that short item is. What volumes it speaks for the type of people who made up our pioneering ranks, people who, in the midst of sand and sage, would sit in a tent on the ground and listen to a lecture on English grammar. I doubt that a parallel can be found in the settlement of any other state, certainly not in any of the mining towns of our neighbors.

Another familiar institution was called the Lyceum, wherein young men trained themselves in matters of speech and information on history and government. The seriousness with which this was taken is shown by this entry from the diary of a man then in his early twenties:

"I have had a good time attending meetings this winter. The young men and boys have a Lyceum, which not only learns us to speak in public but have subjects that are instructive. . . . Very seldom I missed one of my meetings; even when I lived out of town I attended pretty well and went home 7 miles at midnight. I feel the need of trying to learn as I am very bashful and awkward.

"When I first commenced attending these meetings I used to dread for my turn to come. It seemed almost impossible for me to say anything at all—even if I knew it ever so well."

One might go on endlessly, quoting bits of colorful detail, all of which would go to show that the Pioneers were happy, though their surroundings were hard, that they were reaching out for the good and yearning for the beautiful. They were gathered from all parts of the earth and brought with them different backgrounds of experience and culture. Bound by common ties of faith, and united in the common enterprise of conquering the desert, they built up a social and community life which was unique. Perhaps the most important factor in this was the fact that the religious leaders were also the leaders in temporal matters and the general directors of the recreation and leisure time activities. They worshiped together; they worked together; they played together, and by so doing were able to succeed in the face of great adversity.

IMMORTAL PIONEER

By Morris Olsen

The sun that watched thy weary trek
Has faded in the west;
And even from the hand-carved post
That marks thy place of rest,
Time has erased the memory
Of thy mortal name and deeds;
And the little mound where flowers reposed
Lies hidden in the weeds.

Yet these are naught but symbols,
Your sufferings were not in vain,
For in the pattern of our lives
Your spirit lives again.
The trails you hewed through forests dense
Where light was dimly shed,
Still wind through our life's wilderness
And show us where to tread.

Sweets for the Persistent

By Mabel Harmer

THE State of Utah now boasts sugar factories with an enormous annual output and a payroll of many millions, but the story of the early attempts and struggles of the Pioneers to manufacture sugar, or anything resembling that greatly desired product, is a story of years of heartbreaking struggle.

When the first settlers of the State wanted to raise wheat, they broke a few plows in the inhospitable ground, learned to soften it with water, and the worst of their struggles was over. The process of manufacturing cloth, from shearing the sheep to weaving on hand looms, was a lengthy one but not especially puzzling. The matter of sugar, however, was one that taxed the ingenuity and resources of the Pioneers to the utmost.

They knew sugar to be almost a necessity from the standpoint of health besides being almost indispensable for the making of palatable foods, but where or how to get it remained one of their most difficult problems for almost two score years. Sugar brought in by ox team from the states cost over a dollar a pound, which made it all but prohibitive as a commodity for folk who seldom saw a dollar and couldn't very well afford to spend it for sugar when they did see it. Consequently they had to turn to every means within their power to make substitutes for sugar, hoping that some day they would learn how to manufacture the genuine article, which, after a series of heartbreaking attempts, they eventually accomplished.

During the second summer in the valley, nearly everyone had a garden and some of nearly everything in those gardens was boiled down in an attempt to get "sweetening." Among the various agricultural products that were boiled down to make a crude sort of molasses or sorghum were beets, squash, carrots, cornstalks and melons. The product obtained served fairly well for some purposes but, naturally, could not take the place of sugar for culinary purposes or for table use. Nevertheless, the Pioneers accepted the results cheerfully until they could get something better.

After three or four years of strictly home manufacture the art of molasses making was taken into factories, three being established for the purpose in 1851. Among those early manufacturers were Joseph Young, Burr Frost and William Freely, who advertised concerning their undertaking as follows: "Beet this who can! The undersigned would give notice to the citizens of Deseret that they are manufacturing molasses from the beet at Burr Frost's on Emigration street, one and a half blocks east of City Creek bridge. To all who have a surplus of beets, carrots or parsnips and will bring them to our molasses factory, well cleaned as for family use, we will make from them all the molasses we can and return the owners of the vegetables one-half of the molasses made. Those who are in want of sweetening and are disposed to encourage domestic manufacture will do well to call soon, as the earlier the vegetables are used, the better."

The dark, gummy substance that

was the result of this enterprise was so far from being satisfactory that efforts to manufacture sugar went on persistently. John Taylor, who was a leader in the search for sweets, attempted to make sugar out of corn. He put together a sort of crude apparatus to squeeze the corn stalk, made a boiler out of some stove piping and lumber, but he was forced to concede that the manufacture was not altogether a success.

Early settlers down in Dixie during the early '60s learned that their warm climate would mature the Chinese sugar cane from which they produced a molasses that was superior to any made in the northern part of the territory. They found also, that by boiling it down to the limit they could obtain a sugar residue that would serve for some table purposes.

Enterprising settlers in Box Elder and Provo also clutched at "sweet straws" in the hopes of obtaining something that could be converted into sugar. In the case of the former, the straws were the small box elder trees that grew in the vicinity, from which a sap was run off that produced a "specimen of beautifully clear and remarkably sweet and pleasant flavored syrup". A man who was familiar with the process of making sugar from the maple sap put forth his best efforts to get the same results from the box elder sap, but in the end had to be content with obtaining a fairly good confection.

During one spring a sweet, sticky sap appeared on the leaves and twigs of trees in the city of Provo. The townspeople gathered the twigs, soaked them in water and boiled the sap thus obtained first to the syrup stage and then to sugar. It was said to have some resemblance to maple sugar, but the twigs and leaves had imparted a bitter taste and when a sample was sent to Brigham Young it is reported to have been received with no great enthusiasm.

The Pioneers soon learned that the white sugar beet was the best source of molasses, and consequently the emigrants were urged to bring to Utah all the seed obtainable which each family could plant with a view to making its own syrup and sugar.

THE largest of the early molasses factories was that built in '51 by S. M. Blair of Texas and a Mr. Beach of St. Louis. The Mormon Church leaders were loud in their praises of this great enterprise but expressed the belief that it would not be possible for them to supply all the sweet that was needed in the community and that if some expert manufacturers of sugar would appear upon the scene the citizens would be only too glad to surrender their efforts at home manufacture in their favor. They also expressed the wish that the presidents of the foreign missions would bend their efforts toward searching out such experienced manufacturers and send them, together with the necessary equipment to the Territory of Deseret.

John Taylor, who was in charge of the French Mission at the time, acted upon this suggestion and organized the Deseret Manufacturing Company with a capital of $60,000. He purchased machinery and apparatus for the manufacture of sugar in Liverpool, at a cost of $12,500, had

it shipped by boat to New Orleans where the U. S. tax duties added another $5000 to the costly enterprise. From New Orleans the machinery was shipped up the river to Fort Leavenworth where it was loaded onto wagons and hauled by more than 200 ox teams over the plains to Salt Lake City at a labor and money cost that can only be imagined.

For some unknown reason, the machinery was hauled on to Provo where in '52 the plant was assembled. Only now was the heartbreaking discovery made that the all important bone-cooking, sugar-clarifying retorts had not been shipped with the rest of the machinery.

The promoters threw up their hands in despair upon learning that they had spent a fortune with no chance at making any immediate returns; but the Church authorities, having encouraged the enterprise, came to the rescue and bought the dubious assets of the Deseret Manufacturing Company.

Later on the plant was moved to Sugar House—or what then became Sugar House—and an attempt was made to manufacture sugar. The attempt resulted only in more molasses and not too good a grade, at that. In fact, it was reported by some to be so sharp in flavor that "it would take the end of your tongue off".

Brigham Young still had great hopes that the much needed sugar would soon be successfully manufactured, and at the spring conference in '53 he urged that the Saints generously plant sugar beets. In October of the same year a newspaper item made the statement, "We know that some were disappointed last fall in not getting sugar, and some in getting poor molasses. But brethren, don't get discouraged; we have different workmen this year, and if we cannot give you sugar as you desire, no effort shall be wanting to give you good molasses. Bring your beets and try. Now is the time, at the old place before cold weather."

It is hard indeed to record that these valiant efforts went for nothing and that after a sugar beet crop failure in '55 the venture was reluctantly given up.

The pioneers of Utah were not the only ones, however, to experiment unsuccessfully with the manufacture of sugar. Between the years of 1838 and 1879 fourteen small sugar factories in states reaching from Maine to California went down to defeat in somewhat the same fashion, although none had gone to the tremendous amount of work to obtain machinery that the Mormon pioneers had done.

Finally, in 1870 a Mr. Dyer erected a factory in California which by '79 was established on a profitable basis. By 1890 after more research and study two more factories were established in California. Others followed in '91 in Nebraska, and the same year the first successfully operated sugar factory in the Intermountain West began operations at Lehi, Utah, just forty years after the Pioneers had begun their persistent efforts to obtain sugar from the white beets.

The raising of sugar beets and the manufacture of sugar ranks today as one of the State's great industries with a total of fourteen factories and an annual payroll of millions of dollars.

Hoops For Amanda

By Martha Robeson Wright

AMANDA STOPHER sat on the rough backless stool caressing the shimmering maroon silk that lay heaped before her on the crude table. She did not need a new dress for the party; her wedding gown would do. But Aunt Annie in New York had sent by Josiah Meddlebury, who had just come in from a hard trip across the plains, this belated wedding present, this mound of silk, glistening garnet in the early autumn sunshine that poured through the open door and the small square hole in the east wall which served as a window.

Just having the goods would have made the longing to sew begin tugging at Amanda's fingers. But there had been included in the package a new magazine called *Harper's* that showed the latest fashions. Amanda's mother had always cut the patterns for her clothes, but it was high time Amanda tried it herself. Her grandmother's sewing chest that had been given her for a wedding present had the top tray filled with notions, even three precious needles and a silver thimble that was older than the chest; but she knew it would be necessary to ravel some of the silk to get thread to match.

Amanda's hands gently patted the beautiful fabric. They had never had anything like this, even in Nauvoo, where her father had owned a fine brick house right near the Prophet's and they had good furniture and lots of books which they had brought with them from Tennessee. In Brown's Fort, or Ogden as it was now called, dresses had to last a long time because the piece goods was hand loomed after the spinning was done, unless it was sent by your well-to-do relatives who thought your folks plain crazy for leaving comfort and security to come out to a wilderness full of savages and wild animals. The girl gathered the soft material into her arms and went to the round mirror that hung on the wall above a short wash bench.

"It does become you," she murmured, holding the goods close to her face. "It makes your hair and eyes look browner and shinier." She tilted her head this way and that like a small bird looking at its reflection in a pool. "I could make it up in three weeks. For your first dance since you and John were married, Mrs. Stopher."

Amanda returned the silk to the table and took up the new magazine. She reckoned she could look just as pretty in those hoop skirts as those ladies who smirked at her from its pages. She could get her waist that little, too, with proper stays; it would not be hard to do either, as her waist was not so very big in the first place. It would not be such a chore to fix her hair that way when it was naturally curly. But how could she get the hoops in time for the party? Had she been at home it would have been a simple matter to have mentioned it to her father who would have patted her cheek or pinched her chin and got her hoops from somewhere. But a married woman of sixteen gets her money and clothing from her husband. If he had no money, he bartered things for his family's needs.

John would never think of doing any trading for a set of hoops for a woman's dress. Judge Gerard would think it clever and womanly to want such flipperies, but John would never understand. His people had been very poor pioneers who had come across the plains suffering great hardships for want of food and clothing, and while some of them might have longed for luxuries, they would never dream of getting them for this wilderness life. Of course, she was lucky in having a father better fixed than most of the settlers, one who had tools and supplies and read the law; but she was married and had to abide by her husband's ideas.

AMANDA liked being married to John, but it was sort of a comedown to be living in the old granary, especially when Mary Anne Davison made slighting remarks. Mary Anne's father was almost as well-to-do as Judge Gerard, and Mary Anne was just the kind who, though she knew they were only living there until next fall, would start something. John was going to build their cabin the next fall, and he was proud of living in the granary because it meant he did not need help. John had been like that when he had asked Amanda's father for permission to marry her. She had wanted to go with him into the small office in front of their home, but John said he did not need a woman's support.

Listening outside the lightly closed door, she had heard her father say,

"You're a fine boy, John. Got good blood in you. If Amanda loves you I reckon you have my blessing. But I thought it was Mary Anne you were sweet on."

"No, sir. I went dancing some with Mary Anne, but Amanda—well—she's like a young deer, her head held high and her soft eyes." How beautiful John could talk sometimes. Amanda's listening heart swelled with pride and love.

"She's young, John. We've kinda petted her some, bein' she's the baby, but she's sweet and a good girl. She's inclined to be flighty and headstrong sometimes like women will, but she'll settle down if you keep a loose rein on her at first till she gets used to things. How about me building you a house near us here?"

"No, sir, thank you." Amanda could almost see John standing proud and straight as an Indian—maybe flinging back that long lock of fair hair away from his eyes with a backward flick of his head. "You see the folks have an old granary near my fields, not so far from Rader's store. It's stout and warm, and I'll cut a winda in the east wall and build a good chimney. I aim to build my own cabin next year after the crops get done."

"You seem to know what you want to do, my boy," Judge Gerard said. "I admire your spirit, and you'll make Mandy a good husband."

Amanda brought her mind back to her present surroundings and glanced about the granary where she now lived with John. He had built a good-drawing fireplace where now a kettle hung, its contents bubbling and simmering. On the rock hearth stood an iron spider on which Amanda did all her other cooking. Against the north wall was built a crude cupboard, while beside the west wall stood her spool bed that her mother had insisted she take; it had been brought all the way from Tennessee along with the round mirror that

hung above the wash bench. The two crude stools and the rough table completed furnishings of the log hut. It was snug and warm as John had said, and someday John would get her a stove like her folks had owned in Missouri.

"If I can get those hoops I'll show Mary Anne." Amanda took a wooden spoon and stirred the stew, then added a bit of water with a gourd dipper. "I'll go ask Mr. Rader about them. He might get some from the freight wagons coming through Salt Lake soon.

Mr. Rader said he was going to Salt Lake the next day, and would try to make a deal.

"But don't tell anybody," pleaded Amanda, "I want to be the first to wear them. How much do you think they'll cost?"

"I should jedge about five dollars."

The room seemed to spin around her. Five dollars! She could never get that much money. But she had come into the store and told Mr. Rader she wanted the hoops and hadn't asked the price first, so she could not back out now. "You go ahead and see if you can get them, please," she said hurriedly.

WHEN she reached home again Amanda once more sat on the little stool and studied the pictures in the magazine. Even if she didn't get the hoops, the dress would stand out nicely if she made it right full and wore her petticoats. If Mr. Rader was able to get the hoops and she did not take them he would probably sell them to Mary Anne, and then Mary Anne's nose would go a little farther into the air.

Amanda glanced at the sun. John would soon be home for dinner. She went to the cupboard and took out a tablecloth, knives and forks. That was one thing she was glad she had—two nice tablecloths to make them remember their manners. The two plates, cups, and slices of bread and butter were on the table when John came in.

"Well, who's this in my house? Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" John looked at her with assumed surprise, as he always did; and Amanda giggled and replied, as she always did,

"Your face does look familiar, sir." She dropped him a curtsy.

"Mandy, Mandy!" He gathered her in his arms.

"John," Amanda began, as John released her, "Josiah Meddlebury stopped here and left me some goods. It's from Aunt Annie in New York for a wedding present to me."

She carefully lifted the silk out of the chest where she had placed it before setting the table. John fingered the edge of it with his rough fingers.

"It surely is fine," he said slowly.

"Won't it be beautiful for the dance? I can make it up in three weeks."

"You got your wedding dress."

"Oh, no," she said hastily, "it would spoil it to wear it to anything but a wedding."

He looked down at her. "You mean you're savin' it for your next husband?"

"Oh, John, don't tease me. You know what I mean. It was Mother's wedding dress, too, and I want it saved for special things. This goods will be wonderful made up, and it was given to me."

"A thrifty wife," John laughed and swung her into the air.

Maybe she was spoiled, as her grandmother had often told her, but was it so awful to be selfish enough to want to make your husband proud of you? John would be proud, too. He might not say so, but his head would be held a little straighter as he walked into the dance beside her in the billowed skirts that would gently sway. Mary Anne with her critical airs would be so envious.

Amanda sewed during every spare minute. She was not worried about getting the hoops. She had always had what she wanted, and something would turn up. Eagerly she measured her small waist after she had fixed the stays. Eighteen inches! She would have the smallest waist at the party, and the hoops would make it look smaller yet.

TWO days before the dance John came in with a five gallon keg of molasses which he set in the east corner. "Your father gave me this." John was pleased, for sweets were very scarce and needful. Judge Gerard had made the molasses and given John part of it.

"More'n we could use at once so I told Carl Jenson he could have a couple of gallons for helping me with the corn. His folks've had no sweets for weeks."

"They'll like this."

"Have I seen you somewhere before?" John asked and kissed her. She gave him a squeeze and giggled, "Your face looks familiar, sir."

"How's the dress? Done?"

"You'll see it the day of the dance, and you'll get a surprise."

"Got to get back, Mandy. Want to get through 'fore sundown. Pesky Indians been stealing corn again. Keep the door shut."

John had just gone when Mr. Rader sent his son Willie over to tell her that he'd returned from his trip and had the hoops.

"Tell your father I'll be over tomorrow, Willie."

That night she lay beside John wondering what to do. He slept soundly, but her eyes would not close. If she only knew of some way to make John understand how much those hoops meant to her. But he wouldn't see the need of trading good corn, wheat or vegetables for hoops. Then she thought of the keg of molasses standing in the corner. Her father would not have given it to John if she was not his wife. Why couldn't she take half the molasses to Mr. Rader to pay for the hoops? Father had more molasses, and he always gave her what she asked for, so he would think nothing of it.

The next morning John was out earlier than usual, for Carl was helping him finish up in time to rest a little before the dance. As soon as he was gone, Amanda rushed over to Mr. Rader's who stood smiling and cheerful beside the counter.

"You want to buy some molasses?" she asked, breathless from her hurried walk.

His eyes peered at her through his spectacles. "Wal, I might. Your father bein' the only one makin' it you must have some o'his'n."

"He gave me more than we need. I can sell you half—for the hoops. You can make a good profit."

Mr. Rader nodded his head solemnly though his eyes twinkled. "If I didn't hev tuh pay too much fer it. Can't stock up too much on produce

fer 'em, an' cash money's as scarce as sweets."

"How much could you give me?"

"Wall, les see. A dollar a gallon?"

A dollar a gallon!" Her half of the keg would amount to only two dollars and a half, not enough to buy the hoops. If she could sell the whole five gallons! Father would give John some more.

Mr. Rader saw the hesitancy in her eyes and hurriedly opened the box. "Funny lookin' contraptions, ain't they?"

"B-but I—I only had two and a half gallons to sell," Amanda explained. "It isn't enough."

Mr. Rader's face fell. "I'd hafta get five dollars fer 'em. An' then I ain't makin' a mite o' profit, jest accomodatin' yuh. Got somethin' else?"

The whole keg would make the five dollars! John could pay Carl with something else, and her father would give them more molasses. Mr. Rader's smile was beginning to look set. If she didn't take the hoops after all the trouble he had gone to, she knew the community would soon know about it.

"W-would you take all the five gallons for the hoops?" she asked.

Mr. Rader rubbed his hands together and chuckled, "Yup, I'll get Willie tu take the hoops over fer yuh, and he can bring back the molasses."

AT HOME she shoved the box under the bed. She would put on the new dress before John got home. If she looked pretty he wouldn't think about the molasses, and even if he did he would be in better humor. Because there was to be a big supper given at the dance she and John wouldn't eat very much before they went. She straightened the house, slid the shutter across the window and bolted the door before she took her bath before the fire. She wet her hair just enough to set the curls.

After the hoops were adjusted she slipped the dress over her head. Her hair was dressed with waves on each side of the center part and curls hanging to her shoulders in the back but pinned up by her ears on the sides. She was glad she had the mirror even if it only showed her from the waist up, though she could get a glimpse of where the hoops began to swell around her hips. She looked pretty in maroon. Amanda looked down at her feet. They seemed almost as small as the ones in the magazine. Then she remembered to take John's suit from the chest and hang it on a peg to get the wrinkles out. She hugged the coat.

John was coming up the hard clay path. With a final pat to her curls she posed in the center of the room, waiting. John opened the door, and his face lighted as he saw her there, slowly and gracefully turning before him.

"My, my, woman, what are you doing here?"

Amanda stopped in front of him and curtsied. John's face assumed that puzzled expression. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"You're face looks familiar, sir," Amanda replied and kissed him.

"What's under that skirt?" he asked.

"Hoops. Like it?" She raised the skirt to show the bottom hoops. "It's the newest style."

John grinned and ran rough fin-

(Continued on page 503)

EMPIRE BUILDERS

"This is the place," the leader cried,
Standing there on the mountain side,
Viewing the shrubs and sand and sage
Blowing and swaying to the water's edge.
Dreary and bare the desert spread
Out from the lake—for ages dead,
Hidden by cliff and crag and peak,
"This is the place we came to seek—
This is the place".

This is the place where deeds are done,
This is the place in sage and sun
Where dreams are dreamed and dreams come true,
And roses bloom where the sage once grew;
Once dreary and brown, now shining and green.
Moist and sweet the mountain stream
Spreads its waters over the waste
Whispering, "Truly, this is the place—
This is the place."

This is the place where heart and brain,
Striving to build, and not in vain,
Nourished the grain and laid the stones,
Hewed the logs and builded homes.
Out of the waste a city sprung
Climbing the ladder rung by rung.
Slowly, steadily, not in haste,
The people came, for "This is the place—
This is the place."

This is the place that faith has won,
With labor and love and deeds well done;
Nourished by Him who brought them here,
They learned to love and not to fear.
Building on hope and love of God,
Turning and tilling the virgin sod,
They built a city the desert to grace,
A light to the world, for "This is the place—
This is the place."

—Zella Jones Landon.

Relief Society Participation in Church Welfare

AGAIN our Father in Heaven has blessed us with bountiful harvests. As one rides through the country, he is impressed with the fact that there is food enough for everyone and that no one should go without the necessary amount and variety of food needed for health.

The Pioneers who followed the admonition of their prophet had this security. President Brigham Young's teachings are as applicable today as then:

"This is the greatest wealth we possess—to know how to direct our labors rightly, spending every hour advantageously for the benefit of our wives and children and neighbors."

"It is good policy and economy to sustain each other."

"Never let anything go to waste. Be prudent, save everything, and what you get more than you can take care of yourselves, ask your neighbors to help you conserve."

The season of abundance is here. Now is the time for thoughtful planning for the future. When winter comes, what a feeling of security we would have if each home had its own supply of fruit and vegetables and the storehouses were full for emergencies.

But let us not forget that the happy satisfied people will be the ones where the security comes through their own efforts. Every one should have opportunity for this satisfaction. In the Salt Lake Region plans have been made to assure this as far as possible. The ward presidents and work directors have made a survey covering the following points:

The homes in which help will be needed.

The women from these homes who can work at the canning center. (A woman who has young children with no one responsible to care for them should not leave home to work.)

The homes where there are facilities for home canning.

Based upon this information, the women who need the work will be given first opportunity. If extra help is needed to prevent waste, the Relief Society women will gladly respond. However, it is hoped that the work and supply of food will be so planned that our busy officers will not have to be called upon often.

The women who have the facilities for home canning will be encouraged as far as possible to have members of the family gather surplus fruit and do the canning in the homes. Often there is more fruit at the center than can be cared for and which must be disposed of at once. By knowing the homes where the need is and the facilities for canning much waste will be prevented.

Canning of vegetables should never be done without well tested pressure cookers and under the supervision of experts. A community center might be established in localities where the canning center cannot offer this individual service.

The Uintah Stake had a project last summer—"A vegetable garden for each home". Where a family had not a place for such a garden the land was provided. Help was also given when needed in procuring seeds. In the fall the project was "A vegetable pit for each family".

Would it not be well to revive the pioneer way of having home vegetable pits?

Ishbel, Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair

By Annie Wells Cannon

ON April 22, 1939, Ishbel Marjoriebanks Gordon was laid to rest in the little family cemetery near Haddo House, surrounded by the roses and heather of her beloved Scotland.

In the passing of Lady Aberdeen the International Council of Women has lost a great leader, and the women of the world a staunch and loyal friend.

Hers was a career of remarkable activity throughout the years of a long life. She knew no boundaries, but her friendliness and good will radiated generously to all who came in contact with her.

The Golden Rule, adopted as the symbol of the International Council of Women, was her philosophy of life, and she strove in a religious sense to serve her Maker in work for mankind.

Thus, we see her in girlhood a Sunday school teacher; as a young wife, with her devoted husband engaged in educational and settlement work not only among the tenants on their own estates but throughout the rural districts of Scotland; as Vice-Reine of Ireland she founded health associations and helped to build sanitoriums to alleviate the sufferings of the industrial workers in Ireland; as wife of the Governor General of Canada she found many opportunities for her humanitarian activities, and here she founded in 1893 the National Council of Women of Canada.

At the Congress of Women held in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, Lady Aberdeen was elected president of the International Council of Women, a position she held for a period of thirty-six years.

Many Utah women through affiliation with the National Council knew Lady Aberdeen well and had a keen appreciation of her brilliant intellect, her executive ability, and her general worth.

Delegates from the Relief Society and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association have attended all the Quinquennials and participated in these great Council sessions since the beginning as they have been held in the great capitals of the different nations. The last three held in Paris, Dubrovnik and Edinburgh were attended by President Louise Y. Robison at Paris, and by Counselor Amy Brown Lyman at Dubrovnik and Edinburgh; they were impressed as always with Lady Aberdeen's dignity and ability though advanced in years. A most notable Council was the one held in 1899 in London, when her late Majesty Queen Victoria received the foreign and colonial delegates at Windsor Castle. At this Quinquennial there was a large delegation of American women, including Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Anna Howard Shaw and other notables. From Utah there were about fifteen delegates, headed by Emmeline B.

LADY ABERDEEN

Wells of the Relief Society and Susa Y. Gates of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen in 1915 toured the United States in the interest of their Irish philanthropies. They were hospitably entertained in Utah by the General Board of the Relief Society and a committee from other affiliated organizations. Among the functions was a banquet at the Hotel Utah at which many tributes were paid the titled guests. The decorations were shamrocks and carnations.

Lady Aberdeen's last visit to America was to preside at the Quinquennial held in Washington, D. C. in 1925. There was a large delegation from Utah headed by the late President Clarissa S. Williams.

The main theme of this session was World Peace for which Lady Aberdeen had always worked and prayed. Though many were her disappointments, she died with the hope still nearest to her heart.

"Faith not Fear" was her watchword when she would quote the Psalm, "I lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Peace, through faith and work, is the message she has left to the women of the world.

A Gift of Wings

By Alice Morrey Bailey

SUDDEN apprehension doused Mildred as she admitted Mrs. Spencer, after a somewhat peremptory knocking at the door.

"I'll stand, thank you, and say what I've come to say right out," she replied to Mildred's offer of a chair.

Mrs. Spencer was trembling with rage, and red blotches of anger stained her jaws. It needed only Mildred's faint "Why, certainly" to launch her into the tirade she had come to deliver.

"I want you to spank your little girl," she said flatly.

Mildred felt anger prickling up the back of her neck and wondered, a little mirthfully, if her "scolding locks" might be rising.

"It's like this. Iris snubbed Dorothy. All the others have been mean to her all along, but at least I thought she had Iris on her side. She gets left out of everything and children say such terrible things to her—things I don't believe they think up themselves. It's what they hear at home, I tell Henry, and for Iris to turn Dorothy down—and you a Relief Society teacher and the Primary president—I think she ought to be spanked."

I certainly shan't spank my child to please others, Mildred thought hotly, and it was on the tip of her tongue to say as much when she noticed that tears were trembling on the other woman's lashes.

"I'll talk to Iris as soon as she comes home and see what the trouble is," she promised instead.

"It's not that I don't appreciate what you've done for me from time to time." The tears were falling now, like rain. "Only she's over there sobbing her little heart out, and I just—Well, I guess I've said enough. I'll go now."

After she had gone Mildred sat weakly in a chair, overwhelmed by alternating emotions of unreasonable anger and pity for Mrs. Spencer.

"Spank Iris!" she thought indignantly again and again, only to be amused at her "battling instinct".

When Iris came in she had to steel herself against the flushed sweetness of the child, against the breathless chatter.

"Mother, I *wish* you'd decide who is to be Goddess of Liberty soon. I feel like I can't stand it. If you weren't the president they might choose me. Wouldn't that be heavenly! Only I like my part so well I'd hate to give that up—just think, the obligato! A goddess ought to be beautiful."

"We'll have to choose her soon, dear. The time is drawing near."

"Oh, I know it. Only twenty-four more days, and she'll have to practice, won't she?"

"Not a great deal. She only has—"

"To sit on the throne with the maids of honor. The bugles, then the prayer by the chaplain, then the flag drill, and then comes *America*. The curtain draws back, and there she is! It makes me just shiver with happiness."

"We must forget about it just now, Iris. I must speak to you. Did you snub Dorothy today?" asked Mildred, hoping for an explanation that would absolve Iris from blame.

"Well, Mother, I—" faltered Iris.

"Did you, Iris?"

"Yes, Mother." Iris hung her head.

"Oh, Iris. Why did you? I thought your heart was kinder than that."

"It is, Mother. Only I don't want to be kind-hearted any more. My friends won't play with Dorothy because her hair is bushy, and she wears funny clothes."

"Well, darling, she must wear what her parents give her. She is sweet and wouldn't hurt anyone."

"I know it. I feel sorry for Dorothy, but now Jo and Anna and Elaine won't play with me because I play with her. I am losing all my friends."

"Friends couldn't be worth keeping if they would desert you for that."

"I know,—only Mother! I don't blame them for not wanting to play with Dorothy. She—she—" as if this were the last straw, "she doesn't bathe often, and she smells!"

"Oh, dear!" said Mildred, nonplused. She thought a long minute but couldn't find it in her heart to blame Iris.

It was really the fault of Dorothy's mother. What the children said was true. There was no sense in a mother turning out a child in such ridiculous looking clothing, and unclean. Soap and water were certainly cheap enough. The Spencers weren't the poorest people in town. Look at Mrs. Connor, sewing smart-looking clothes out of hand-me-downs. Mildred sighed.

"Mrs. Spencer came up to see me and was very hurt that you hadn't treated Dorothy right. She said Dorothy was at home crying."

"Oh, poor Dorothy," said Iris, conscience-stricken. "I ought to go tell her I'm sorry, only—"

"That would be lovely, dear. It would make Dorothy happy again."

Iris went, but her feet were reluctant on the path, and Mildred knew she was facing a bitter tomorrow, and the day after.

It wasn't fair. It was too much to ask of Iris. Iris was dainty about her person, particular about her apparel. She was very little trouble. Though she was only twelve she sewed on her own buttons, took almost complete care of her hair, and never had to be reminded of her bath. Then to be forced to play with Dorothy—it wasn't right. The more Mildred thought of it the more indignant she became.

"Primary president or not, I think I'll just go and give her a piece of my mind." Mrs. Spencer hadn't avoided plain talk. If she was really concerned about the happiness of her child she ought to be grateful for helpful criticism.

Mildred took her sweater and started toward the Spencer home. Her thoughts kept time with her feet and hurdled all the time-worn warnings about temper. "I'll certainly tell her—"

But the conversation didn't run right. Mrs. Spencer's face lit up with welcome.

"Now, you didn't need to come yourself and apologize. Iris was so sweet about it—and I wish you could have seen them—but it's just like you. It's me that should be going to you for forgiveness, tearing up there like I did. I declare, it's having a Relief Society teacher like you that makes me feel like I ought to get out

and do my duty. My mother used to go to Relief Society meeting all the time, but she got her feelings hurt and quit, and I never did start."

She could well use some Relief Society education, thought Mildred, looking about the house, bare of everything except the ugliness of necessity. She cleared her throat.

"I—" she began.

"Now you don't need to say a thing," assured Mrs. Spencer. "The whole thing is settled, so far as I'm concerned. Land, don't look at my house. I've been behind with my work all day." A confessions magazine of the "true" type lay face down on the sewing machine, giving mute testimony to her statement. "Some folks think there's nothing in the world but keeping a clean house. And clothes!" She sniffed. "It's just like I tell Dorothy. If your friends can't see anything but your clothes they're not worth having."

Settled! So far as Mrs. Spencer was concerned. As if anyone could see anything but those hideous clothes. No help for the situation, either, so long as she took that attitude. There had to be some other way.

"I MEANT to just tell her," Mildred told Walter that night. "I could kick myself for being so spineless."

"You're nothing of the sort," said Walter. "I love you for it. It wasn't spinelessness, but your usual fine instincts overcoming your impulsiveness. You were speaking for three people—a Primary president, a Relief Society teacher, and Millie Wilson. You'd have driven her farther away, made an enemy of a neighbor, and not have done the little girl any good either. As for sacrificing Iris to her carelessness and poor management, I'm with you there. You'll have to think of something else."

But try as she might, Mildred couldn't. For one thing, she hadn't the time. There was the Fourth of July celebration coming up, with its endless rehearsals on the long June afternoons. This was the first time the program had been turned over to the Primary, and Mildred wanted everything right. She had assumed responsibility for choosing the Goddess of Liberty, the coveted honor among all the girls, hence a most important decision, one subject to much criticism, and one which she hadn't been able to make.

In the flurry of plans for costumes and floats, flag drills and bands, orations and music, she might have forgotten the affair of Iris and Dorothy, except for small things. Once at rehearsal she caught a glimpse of the girls, lately of Iris' crowd, switching their skirts spitefully past her, their plain little noses tilted exaggeratedly in the air. It might have been ludicrous if it weren't so cruel, for Iris turned quickly to hide the sudden tears in her eyes and her trembling mouth.

At home Iris was increasingly silent. She didn't complain, but the whole family missed her gayety, and one night Mildred thought she heard sobbing in her room, but when she listened closely there was no sound. Dorothy followed her over-affectionately about, and Mildred found herself fighting against acute dislike for the child.

One evening Iris was washing her hair as Dorothy stood watching her.

"Would you like to do yours?"

Mildred asked, and was surprised to see the eagerness that flushed Dorothy's face.

"Oh, yes! Iris' hair is so beautiful. We never have much hot water." She went at it so clumsily that Mildred helped her a little, telling her the best method and the tests for cleanness.

"Mother, what does independence mean?" asked Iris through the looking glass, where she was waving her damp hair

"It means," said Mildred, wrinkling her brow, "not to be dependent. It means not allowing others to do for you what you can very well do yourself. I think we'd better get the dictionary for the exact meaning. Dorothy, I believe your hair would lie in a beautiful wave. Let me see."

Independence, she thought. The Independence Day celebration, and I still haven't a Goddess of Liberty. As she waved Dorothy's hair she planned, offering and rejecting each name in its turn, as she had done over and over. Elaine, contrary to the implications of her name, was stubby and round as a churn. She'd make a much better Humpty-Dumpty. Jo was to play her bugle; Anne had been May Queen, and Iris, besides being her daughter, in itself an insurmountable obstacle, was in the chorus. So it ran, down the list. The thing had to be decided. It was the twentieth of June, two weeks until the Fourth.

"There," she said, pinning the last curling tendril of Dorothy's hair, which had miraculously turned out to be blond. Dorothy sat motionless, gazing at her reflection in the mirror, her blue eyes dark with excitement.

"Independence," she breathed, and the word sounded like an enchanting secret, newly revealed. "Iris has it. She cares for her own hair, her own bath and stockings and teeth. I can do it, too, can't I, Mrs. Wilson? Maybe I can learn to make myself prettier, and then the girls won't laugh at me, or snub Iris because she plays with me."

Her intelligent eyes met Mildred's.

The poor darling, thought Mildred. To think she realizes all this. A wave of affection and pity for the child swept over Mildred. "Out of the mouths of babes—" she thought. Here, like a gift in her lap, lay the solution of all her difficulties.

"Why in the world didn't I think of it before?" she chided herself. "You certainly can have independence. I'll help you."

"Why, Mother," marvelled Iris, "Dorothy is simply beautiful with her hair that way, isn't she?" And indeed she was. The arrangement brought out lines of her forehead and chin that had been entirely unnoticed before, accented the fine eyebrows and her sweet mouth. Her figure, despite the unsightly clothes, gave promise of being straight and tall, but nicely rounded, a fact that had also escaped Mildred's attention until now.

IT WAS five minutes of ten, and Mildred had the wonderful knowledge that everything was in perfect readiness. The parade had gone off without a hitch and had been a beautiful and satisfying sight. Not for ten years had the populace been so completely in evidence for the celebration, and the reason was simple. Every child had a part to play. The first time it had ever been

done—all by children. Mildred was as proud as if every child were her own, and her heart pounded as loudly in her ears as the cannon that had roared at intervals since before dawn.

"Who is Goddess of Liberty?" The repeated question ran over the audience, but no one knew the answer. The program began: Jo's bugle, prayer by the chaplain, the flag drill, and then *AMERICA*, roared by the audience, as the curtain slowly pulled back to disclose her, her hair the color of corn silk beneath the gold crown; her eyes like violets with suppressed excitement, her mouth controlled. Her straight figure, her proud head were the very embodiment of Victory and Liberty, and only Mildred knew how much she was the symbol of Independence.

A flag gently unfurled behind Dorothy's head. Mildred choked with emotion. Her heart almost stopped when the song dragged almost to a whisper in the amazement of the audience. Everything depended upon the reaction. Would it be jealousy—envy? Would they laugh or remain silent? Dorothy sensed the tension, the reason for it, and her frightened eyes sought Mildred. Mildred smiled encouragement, though tears pushed her lids. Dorothy caught the message and lifted her chin with confidence. As if by a signal the singing resumed its heartiness. The hurdle was past. What a satisfying child! Mildred caught Iris' glance, and a smile of understanding passed between them. Mrs. Spencer sat entranced, as if she saw a vision, and was overwhelmed with pride.

"Who is it?" a woman near Mildred asked.

"Don't you know? Dorothy Spencer, Mary Spencer's girl. She's a friend of Anne's," said Mrs. Beaumont, in the voice of one who hobnobs with nobility. "A very sweet child. Anne says she got fine marks in school."

"WELL, Mrs. Spencer, what do you think of your daughter?" Mildred asked, after the last chorus of the *Star Spangled Banner* and dismissal, when the air was filled with the noise of whistles and firecrackers.

"Why, she's as good as anybody. I'm so thankful I got her the white slippers and silk underwear she's been after me for. It made me clear sick to think how she might have looked up there if you hadn't fixed her up so pretty. Have you a pattern like that organdy dress of Iris'? I think Dorothy'd look real good in a blue one. I've been making her dresses too long. I never realized before what a difference clothes make. Dorothy has got to be fixed up, and the house, so she can have company. When's the next Relief Society meeting? I want to learn how to make those pillows."

Over by the stage door Dorothy was surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls who touched reverently her crown, her white robes and the silken rings of her hair.

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

JULY—Service to God, country and mankind is the watchword of the good citizen.

VACATION time, and all who can seek change from the routine of everyday life—sightseeing, visiting old friends, back to the old home town—and somewhere among the fishing tackle or the summer clothes there is a book for the anticipated leisure hour. Thanks to the radio and cinema there is a revival of the classics, and out from forgotten shelves come Dickens, Hugo, Dumas and others; then the market offers hundreds of new books.

QUEEN ELIZABETH held the limelight among women when with King George she made the grand tour through their Canadian provinces and to the United States. The Queen's charm, affability and pretty clothes won admiration, but her genuine delight when greeting the beautiful quintuplets won the hearts of all.

MME. HALINA SIENNICKA of Poland, recently decorated with the Order of the Yugoslavian Crown, made a tour of the United States lecturing on "Polish Women of Today".

KATERI TEKAWITHA, "The Lily of the Mohawks," an American Indian girl of the 17th century, is being recommended for beatification. A postulator has been appointed to consider her worthiness to be proclaimed a Saint.

MARGARET LAMB and Mary Smith, 80, the oldest Utah-Idaho twins, went to the San Francisco Fair where they led the parade of 136 sets of twins and took the grand prize.

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., friend of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek, put over an Oriental exhibit in New York to raise funds for Chinese war orphans. Among the articles exhibited was a Buddhist pagoda of white jade and a gold lacquer and mother of pearl teakwood Dragon Throne.

BERTHA GREENWALD BAMBERGER, of Utah, died last May. She was widely known and loved for her many charities and civic service.

JEANETTE IRVINE McMURRIN, 85, Bertha Parkinson Larsen, 59, and Lucinda Jackson Parker, 91, three beloved mothers and Relief Society workers, died recently.

MARY WILLIAMS HARTMAN, 97, and Sarah Neiber O'Driscoll, 90, pioneer mothers and workers in the Relief Society, had great honor shown them on their birthdays last May.

LEONA SPEYER has been awarded the honor of the Golden Rose by the New England poetry clubs for her recent volume of poetry.

ODETTE KEUN in her book, "I Think Aloud in America," says she believes Americans are the only hope for the survival of Occidental civilization.

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JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XXVI JULY, 1939 No. 7

EDITORIAL

Our Available Wealth

A Local newspaper recently published an interesting item titled "Woman Lives In Poverty But Leaves Two Million." While this woman lived as though in destitute circumstances and obtained advantage of low rates intended only for the poor, she was worth nearly $2,000,000. "This was indicated when her safety deposit boxes were opened. Among deeds to valuable properties and deposit slips for money in American and foreign institutions, there was $125,000 in U. S. government securities for which the coupons had not been clipped since 1935.

"She had $900,000 in foreign securities and 404,358 francs on deposit in Paris; $25,000 on deposit in the Toledo Trust Company, and parcels of valued Toledo land, examination of her papers indicated.

"It was learned that a Toledo attorney, believing she was poor, had charged her only $8 for legal services recently."

We saner mortals not only pity this woman but wonder at her lack of wisdom in not using her available wealth to secure the good things of life. Having at her command sufficient wealth to satisfy any normal desire, to live in ease and comfort among the rich and well born, we are aghast at her lack of judgment in choosing to live a life of poverty among those who were poor.

Such a philosophy of life is almost beyond our understanding. Yet, the worldly wealth to which this woman had access was paltry compared to the wealth offered to the humblest Latter-day Saint. The Lord has said, "The kingdom is yours and the blessings thereof are yours, and the riches of eternity are yours.

"And he who receiveth all things with thankfulness shall be made glorious; and the things of this earth shall be added unto him, even an hundred fold, yea, more.

"For ye are the church of the Firstborn, and he will take you up in a cloud, and appoint every man his portion.

"And he that is a faithful and wise steward shall inherit all things,"

Doctrine and Covenants 78:18-22.

The securities listed here are unlike those found in the safety deposit boxes of this unfortunate woman. Here is a promissory note given by the one infallible banker. Here is a promise to pay not $2,000,000 but all the riches of eternity. Are we wisely making use of the wealth available to us, or, like the foolish woman, do we prefer to live impoverished? We clearly see her lack of wisdom and scoff at her. Yet, many Latter-day Saints are neglecting to take advantage of the spiritual wealth freely offered them and are content to live among the spiritually poor. They choose for associates those who are spiritually undernourished.

All this woman had to do to benefit from her wealth was to go to the safety deposit box, convert her securities into cash, then buy according to her desires.

Latter-day Saints must go to the Scriptures, our safety deposit box of knowledge, then must our knowledge be converted into good acts, and lo! the riches of Eternity are ours.

Wheat Interest

WARD Relief Society presidents are advised that wheat interest checks for this year will be mailed to the bishops. Checks will be made payable to Relief Society presidents, as always, but are mailed to the bishops in order to facilitate the handling of the immense amount of mail in the Presiding Bishop's office. Presidents will kindly contact the bishops. Checks are to be used by the Relief Society as formerly in the interest of maternity and child welfare.

Upon the advice of the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric, approximately one-fourth of the wheat fund has been used in buying wheat to be stored for need. The General Presidency of the Relief Society are in perfect harmony with this action. Due to this purchase, wheat interest checks will be smaller this year, as interest will be paid only on the funds remaining with the Presiding Bishopric. The Relief Society appreciates the generosity of the Presiding Bishopric in paying a 5% interest rate in view of the greatly reduced interest rates being paid by banks and other institutions. However, in all probability the rate will be lower next year.

Wheat interest money has been the means of accomplishing much good in a special field. We commend the Relief Society presidents for their diligence and wisdom in putting this money to use in the past and trust that the same efficiency will characterize its use this year.

The Shining Heart

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

CHAPTER SIX

MISS BRILLIANT CAREY surprised even young Lathrop with her rallying powers. Something, perhaps the excitement of Nell's race against the closing date of the art contest, unlocked the vise that held her speech, and Miss Brill talked again. Slow, studied, her words were, but complete. Robert, calling daily now, waited until he thought the invalid equal to moderate shock and then launched his idea, full grown, abruptly as an earthquake.

They were discussing the picture, of course, and Miss Brill had told him of her own and her father's talent. "She'll win," she said confidently. How can she help it, it's in the blood."

This is your opening; go to it, son, she's asked for it, Lathrop thought. He bolstered his nerve and plunged, "You surely can't mean that your talents have anything to do with Nell's, because, of course, she isn't related to you. Where did she come from?"

For one moment Miss Brill was so white the man was frightened at what he had done. Then she pulled herself together heroically. "She's my own niece," she said defiantly, and did not falter.

Young Lathrop shook his head, but his brown eyes were sympathetic. He liked this old Spartan. "I know she thinks she is," he said gently, "but you really ought to tell me about it. I've ideas about young Nell. It's pretty important to know who she really is."

The color had returned to Miss Brill's cheeks. "You really know something?" she demanded excitedly. "Yes, I'll admit it, she isn't ours, and you're the very first I've said as much to, but it'll have to come out sometime."

"Exactly," cried Robert, "now you're talking. Who is she?"

Miss Brill subsided wearily. "I haven't the faintest idea," she said.

But she did tell him what she knew. She had found the child in the back seat of her car one April evening about dusk. Just after her father, Tom Carey, had died, it was, and she still had a rather fine car. The folks who put the child in that car must have thought they were landing her in a nest well lined with money.

"And you haven't the faintest notion who put her there?" Robert repeated, bitterly disappointed.

"No," the old lady admitted, "and I've always been glad I hadn't. It made her seem more truly mine. But now, when anything might happen—I don't mind saying I'd hate to see Nell tending chicken brooders the rest of her life. She's got more to her than the itch for money."

Young Lathrop sat hunched, chin in hands, "I don't think," he said finally, "that she'll ever tend chicken brooders on Maple Hill, unless she wants to. I've a hunch about our young lady, but I've got to know a few details. You've just got time to whisper them in my big ear before Miss Nell comes in."

ROBERT LATHROP was of two minds about the bit of sleuthing

he had set himself to do. For one thing, Brilliant Carey really did not want Nell's origin established. "She's mine now," she told Rob, "and if you go stirring things up no telling whose girl she'll be. Her people threw her away, and I love her. She's kept me from getting queer as a mad hatter, living alone here."

"But you've no right to keep her from what she was—from what she might be again," Rob explained very kindly, for he was fond of the blunt old lady.

"They've let her be all these years," Miss Brill insisted, "doesn't seem likely she's very important to anyone but me."

"And young Fred. Don't forget the chicken fancier," Rob reminded her drily.

"H'm," said Miss Brill. "Well, go ahead and prowl. As for that Fred, I'd like to know who that woman in breeches with the hungry-looking eyes is that he had in his car when he came down yesterday."

"Now, now, you mustn't draw false conclusions," Rob reproved. Then he explained in detail, just as he had heard it from Nell. The gaunt young woman, a Miss Lola Twillham, was just out of the poultry school at Pullman, had taken the property next to Fred's, and was proceeding to raise chickens according to the latest scientific precepts. She was, he added, very properly chaperoned by her mother.

Miss Twillham rode to town with Fred to get supplies and advice. It seemed she needed an astonishing amount of both of them, and she always made it a point to need them most just when Fred was about to call upon Nell.

And here was he, knight-errant Robert Lathrop, driving to Seattle grimly bent on rescuing Nell from the twin distresses of art and Fred. And quite likely the girl would be just perverse enough to refuse to be rescued from either. Well, meddlers never came to much of a good end. Here, he was going too far down Westlake! He turned a corner and threaded a maze of short, diagonal streets until he found the one that would wind him to the very top of Queen Anne Hill. At the very top an overgrown red sandstone house looked arrogantly down upon its neighbors and had eyes only for the polished expanse of Puget Sound.

Robert parked in the drive of the red stone house. Too many laurels, or was it the yews and holly that grew too thickly? The place was gloomy, and a bit unkempt. Sally shouldn't let it go like that when she had the money to keep it up. But then she was away so much, to Shanghai, to Hollywood, to the south of France. Rob rang the bell of the huge, iron-grilled door.

A maid answered it. There had been a massive butler the last time he was here. It really looked as if Sally were economizing. He was shown to the south lookout on the second floor, where the view of the Sound was best. In modern houses this glass-walled room would be the sunroom, but since the nineties the Delavans had called it the lookout. It was furnished with sea glasses, a globe, lovely old wall maps and a barometer. Sally had added chromium furniture, venetian blinds, a huge tank of exotic, wicked-looking tropical fish on a wrought iron stand, and an overhanging canopy of plants

trailing from baskets. Robert found that lovely, bored woman reclining in a large chair, looking as glorified as an angel in her pale blue satin house robe, with the beautiful white hair dramatically outlined by a Chinese red pillow. She was pretending to read.

Robert stopped a moment to allow his artist's soul to admire the effect. He knew in a moment the cold, gray eyes, the petulant, selfish mouth of Sally Delavan would override her beauties, and he would dislike them all. Even when Sally was still young, in her late twenties, as he had first known her, that selfish, possessive nature had dominated, crowding the then great beauty, even to his childish eyes.

"An honor, and a rare one," Miss Delavan murmured, and indicated a puffy leather chair beside her without rising.

"You're beautiful as ever and have things as comfortable as a cat licking cream," Robert remarked, sinking into the soft cushions.

Sally gave him a long look from her gray eyes. "Rob," she said huskily, "I'm the most unhappy woman alive."

Rob laughed. "It takes you women with well-feathered nests, good looks and plenty of props to set them off to be really unhappy. You ought to meet a woman I just saw a few hours ago. Bedridden, trying to get along on an income that wouldn't pay your light bill, and yet happy as a spring day planning and plotting to give a young waif her chance in life."

Sally waved a hand to stop him. "Don't be a bore, Rob. If you've come to preach, you may as well leave. I can be preached at in church —and by an expert."

She can't see anything but herself, the man thought angrily. Quietly he said, "Sally, what did you do with Frank's baby girl?"

Miss Delavan grew slightly rigid and clenched her magazine, but she held herself well under control.

"She was sent to mother's cousin," she said finally, flatly. Then she turned angry eyes on Rob. "You knew that! Your own mother helped write the letter asking Martha to take the baby. What are you trying to say?"

"I'm not trying to say anything yet, Sally," Rob answered, undisturbed. "I'm merely asking a question." He would not be side-tracked by her anger. He knew she could turn it on and off like an electric switch. "It just happens that a few months after little Frances had supposedly been sent to Martha, mother met Martha in Los Angeles. She knew nothing of the baby. She had never even received the letter which Aunt Sarah insisted that mother write. What was that letter? A false lead—a red herring?

MISS DELAVAN was no longer angry. She needed her wits for something more important. "Are you trying to cast doubt on the character and actions of my mother, who is no longer here to defend herself?" she cried dramatically. "I suppose it didn't occur to you that perhaps Cousin Martha was telling a fib, did it?"

"Nothing at all occurred to me—at the time," Rob replied, grinning, "since I was only about seven. In fact, I shouldn't have remembered it at all if mother had not reminded

me of it yesterday when I called in at the house."

Sally glanced at him briefly. "All right, come to the point."

"I will," promised Rob grimly, "and I'll begin at the first, so we'll know where we are at. Seventeen years ago, while you and Aunt Sarah were still stunned by Frank's death in that French hospital, his wife came from France, bringing their baby with her. You resented her. You had been too jealously fond of Frank, too broken up by his wounding in the war, his staying there afterward, to like his wife. So you made her as unwelcome as you could, you and Aunt Sarah. She didn't stand it long. She died, heartbroken, perhaps."

"How pathetic. It happened to be appendicitis," Sally remarked sarcastically. "Your version makes better melodrama, however."

"Doesn't it," Rob agreed, unshaken, "but then life is often more fantastic than fiction. Anyway, it seemed to increase your gloom that all you had in place of Frank was a baby girl you wouldn't let yourselves love. You and Aunt Sarah had so devoted yourselves to Frank that when he went your whole interest in life went with him."

"Stop that!" Miss Delavan demanded, her face twisting, "you've no right to bring that up. I won't let you."

"I'm sorry, Sally," Rob said, "but I must. If I remember right, Aunt Sarah brooded and moped and wouldn't even see the baby. Then suddenly she called mother to come over, dictated that letter to Martha, and after awhile the baby was gone. What did you do with her?"

Sally Delavan said remotely, "You seem to know so much. Suppose you answer that question. I've always thought Martha had her. I was never interested enough in the child to inquire. I know mother left Martha a considerable sum in her will. I presumed it was for the support of the child." Deliberately she selected a chocolate from a box that stood open near her and indicated it to Robert. He declined impatiently.

"All right, I will tell you. And you'll be surprised—I hope," he promised in annoyance.

Miss Delavan dropped her pose of indifference and became tense. "Well, let's have whatever story you've cooked up," she said sharply.

"One night in April—moonlight, by the way—" Rob began promptly, "a large tan sedan was parked in front of the apartments down the street—those opposite the park. Somebody concealed himself in the shrubs of that park until the owner of the car left. Then, with a baby that had been carefully dressed in cheap, new clothes that could not be traced, this person slipped the child onto the seat of the car through an open window."

"And where is all this leading?"

"But the owner of the car had not been in the apartments at all. When she came out of a house farther down the street, she thought she passed a slight acquaintance, and spoke to her. The woman was moaning and seemed greatly disturbed, so the lady stepped aside and let her go on down the street, thinking she must have been mistaken."

"Mistaken about whom?"—sharply.

"Sarah Delavan," Rob answered,

and heavy silence filled the bright room like thick mist.

And then Miss Delavan smiled. She sensed the slight uncertainty in Rob's last words. "And of course, it later proved to be someone else," she suggested contemptuously. "I don't know at all what you're driving at. You seem to have forgotten that mother was your godmother, that she treated you like a son."

"I haven't forgotten," Robert answered gravely. "I was very fond of Aunt Sarah. But I think she was not herself when she put Frank's baby out of her life, and she would be the first to wish things cleared up."

Sally Delavan said angrily, "So you think mother would like you to brand her a woman who deliberately left her grandchild in a strange car? Who did it to cheat the child out of her inheritance, people would say. I won't have it. You shall not drag mother's name through the mud, just to heap my money in the lap of some silly girl you happen to be in love with. Yes, that's it! Someone you're in love with!" Her voice rose swiftly to a shriek.

Robert jumped up and ran to her. "For goodness sake, Sally, control yourself," he implored, trying to grasp her flailing arms to quiet her. "All you've got to do is produce Frances to stop the story!" She was laughing and crying in wild hysteria now, and a maid ran into the room, armed with smelling salts.

"We were just talking—" Rob said helplessly.

The maid held the salts beneath the nose of the moaning Sally. She motioned for Rob to go out, and formed the words soundlessly with her lips, "She's all right." She even winked.

Rob slid out, thankfully.

A large red person was standing in the hall—the cook, evidently, listening to Sally's show. "It's been a long time, sir, since she had one of them spells. I believe she likes 'em," she volunteered.

Rob gave her a cold look and went out. So Sally wouldn't hear him! She'd turn on a tantrum every time he'd try to talk to her. He remembered tall tales of her ages, how she'd ruled her entire family with them—all except Frank. She'd been his admiring slave—and hadn't eaten for a week when he enlisted and went to France. Well, no matter how she resented Frances, the child of the French war-time marriage, Rob would see the thing through, though to tell the truth, Miss Brill hadn't supplied him with much of a leg to stand on.

(*To be continued*)

"THE supreme moral asset in any man's life is his capacity to be inspired—to be inspired by great books, great music, by love and friendship; to be inspired by great faiths, great hopes, great ideals; to be inspired supremely by the Spirit of God. For so we are lifted, until the things we tried to see and could not we now can see because of the altitude at which we stand, and the things we tried to do and could not we now can do because of the fellowship in which we live."

C A N
WASH.
OREGON
IDAHO
MONTANA
WYOMING
NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
CALIFORNIA
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
MEXICO
S. DA
N. DA
LETHBRIDGE
CARDSTON
MOUNTAIN VIEW
AETNA
LEMHI 1855
LOVELL
BYRON
BURLINGTON
SNAKE RIVER
SNAKE RIVER VALLEY
FRANKLIN
FORT BRIDGER
ROCK SPRINGS
GREEN RIVER
LARAMIE
SALT LAKE
TOOELE
GENOA 1851
SACRAMENTO
OAKLAND 1893
SAN FRANCISCO
VAL of BROOKLYN
JULY 29 1846
PROVO
WEBER
PILLOW
RICHFIELD
PRICE
PARAWAGAT VALLEY
BEAVER
PAROWAN
HARMONY
WEST POINT
ST JOSEPH
ST THOMAS
MOAPA
MUDDY VALLEY
BURKEVILLE 1877
BLUFF
MANCOS VALLEY
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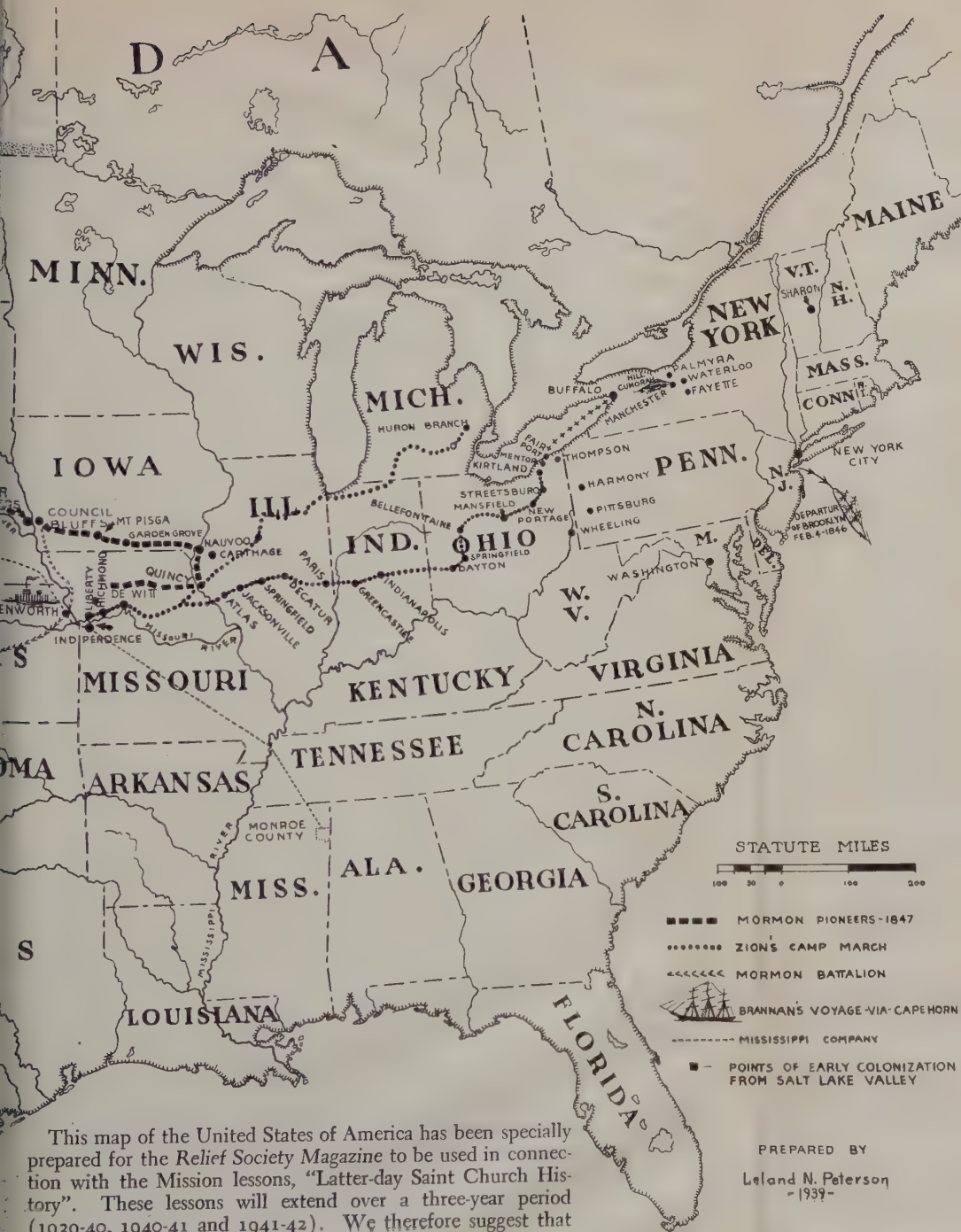

This map of the United States of America has been specially prepared for the *Relief Society Magazine* to be used in connection with the Mission lessons, "Latter-day Saint Church History". These lessons will extend over a three-year period (1939-40, 1940-41 and 1941-42). We therefore suggest that this map be carefully preserved.

The Selection of an Adequate Dietary

By Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe

Home Economics Department, University of Utah

POSITIVE or radiant health is the goal which all are interested in reaching. Research shows that the great masses of people the world over are approaching this goal, but they still have a long way to go.

The strict medical examination of our soldier and sailor boys at the mobilization for the World War revealed startling deviations from a condition of normal physical fitness. Health surveys at this time and immediately following the war also showed that 300,000 babies were dying annually in the United States before reaching one year of age. These findings aroused the concern of the physicians, nutritionists, sanitary engineers and many others who were working in the great field of public health. Active research and general education in preventive medicine, nutrition, child welfare, personal hygiene, physical education, sanitary engineering, and food inspection were conducted by many agencies all over the United States. A definite improvement in the general health with the extension of the average span of life and a marked decrease in infant mortality has resulted.

Never before has the general public been so "nutrition conscious". Good nutrition has come to be regarded as perhaps the most important single factor in human well-being.

Adequate Dietaries

The purpose of this article is to suggest ways and means of building adequate dietaries. Many factors enter into the food problem. In the average family there are persons of varying ages. There is the adult father and mother in the prime of life, one of whom may be doing active physical work while the other is engaged in a sedentary occupation. Then we have the baby who requires certain foods adapted to its digestive capacity and its need for materials with which to meet the demands of the most rapidly growing period during its entire life cycle. The normal baby doubles its weight in six months and trebles it in one year. How important it is then to supply the proper building materials in sufficient amounts during this period. All through the rapidly growing period the kind and amount of food requires the most serious consideration. The next group in this average family is composed of children from two to five years and is known as the pre-school age group. These children are not yet ready to sit at the family table and be served the food which is suitable for older children and adults. The food must still be selected to meet the needs of rapid growth and great activity and be adapted to the digestive capacity. This average family will also include school boys and girls whose enormous appetites are proverbial. This

age group, six to eighteen years, requires an abundance of wholesome food to meet the growth and activity requirements. Dr. Lafayette Mendel, in his public addresses, always admonished parents not to ridicule the enormous appetites of adolescent boys and girls. Their food requirements, in terms of quantities, are far greater than that of adults under similar conditions. The writer heard Dr. Mendel say at one time that a strong healthy boy or girl between the ages of twelve to eighteen cannot eat too much wholesome food, including quantities of milk, vegetables and fruits, but he said, "Do not permit them to satisfy their appetites with bread, potatoes, meat and desserts alone". These are good foods, but they must not crowd out milk, green vegetables and fresh fruits. This average family group may also comprise one or more grandparents whose food requirements revert back to childhood—smaller amounts of easily digested foods.

Eating is a Social Matter

Eating is a social problem. It is not enough to count the calories and build dietaries that will meet the standard requirements for growth and well-being. The present civilization is rushing through life at such a rate that it does not get the social value out of the meal service in the home that it should. Too often little thought is given to the morning meal. Individually, members of the family come to the kitchen and select food which is ready to serve or can be prepared quickly. Many adults will take no breakfast at all. At luncheon time, the family is scattered. The older children are at school, often the father is away at his business, leaving only the mother and the younger children to partake of the noon-day meal. Rural conditions are often much better as far as regularity of meal service is concerned. The evening dinner is very often the one social meal at home. The considerate mother plans a wholesome meal for this occasion. She plans as far as possible a well-balanced menu, cooks the food to please the family palate, to preserve its nutritive value, and serves it in an attractive, orderly manner. It is not, in a well-regulated home, a makeshift meal gotten up on the spur of the moment, but careful planning, ordering, preparation and serving characterize this meal. It should be a happy, peaceful occasion and not a time for discussing family troubles. The dinners to which outside guests are invited should not be the only dinners to be carefully planned and prepared.

The Economic Problem

Another phase of building adequate dietaries is the question of food costs. Much research has been conducted to determine the cost of adequate dietaries at different income levels. The best available reference is "Diets at Four Levels of Nutritive Content and Cost," Steibeling, H. K. and Ward, M., United States Department of Agriculture, Circular No. 396*. These diets have been carefully worked out on the following basis: The "restricted diet" is only an emergency diet and should not be used over a long period of time. It is not an adequate diet but

*Write to Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. and enclose ten cents.

"represents a good choice of food for its cost"; "the adequate diet at minimum cost" represents a well-balanced adequate diet composed of the cheaper foods, yet wholesome food. This diet includes a large quantity of whole cereals, a limited amount of fresh milk or its equivalent in evaporated or dried milk, a large quantity of potatoes and other root or tuber vegetables as well as dried beans and peas, a rather limited amount of green leafy vegetables except in the growing season when they are inexpensive, a limited amount of fresh fruits and tomatoes except for a short period of the year. This diet depends rather upon dried, canned and storage vegetables (peas and beans) and fruits such as peaches, apricots and prunes and stored apples and pears; the cheaper cuts of meat are selected. Such meat is just as nutritious as the more expensive cuts, but it requires greater care in its preparation in order to make it digestible and palatable. The "adequate diet at moderate cost" and the "liberal cost diet" include much less of the cereal foods, potatoes and other root and tuber vegetables, but use fresh milk, green leafy vegetables in much greater quantities throughout the year, also fresh fruits and tomatoes, a wider choice of meats in greater quantities and eggs as desired.

Perhaps the most workable guide that the writer can offer is the weekly market order worked out on these four cost levels for a family of five: Two adults, three children aged three, five and thirteen years.

SUGGESTED WEEKLY MARKET ORDER AT FOUR LEVELS OF NUTRITIONAL ADEQUACY*

Food	Unit	Restricted diet for emergency use	Adequate diet at minimum cost	Adequate diet at moderate cost	Very liberal diet
		quantity	quantity	quantity	quantity
Flour, cereal or	lb.	19	17	13	7½
Bread	"	9	8	13	8
Flour, cereals	"	13	11	4	2½
Milk or its equivalent	qt.	14	24½-28	28	28
Potatoes, sweet potatoes	lb.	13	13	12	12
Dried beans, peas, nuts	"	2	2	1½	½
Tomatoes, citrus fruits	"	5	5	8	10
Leafy, green and yellow vegetables	"	4	7	9	11
Dried fruits	"	1	1½	2	1½
Other vegetables and fruits	"	3½	7	17	27
Butter	"	1	1	1¼	1¼
Other fats	"	2½	2½	2½	2½
Sugar	"	3	2	2½	2½
Molasses, jellies	"	1½	1½	2	2
Lean meat, poultry, fish	"	2	4	7	12
Eggs	doz.	1	1½	1⅔	2¾
Cod liver oil (child. under 2 yrs.)	oz.	2-3	3-4	3-4	3-4

*Stiebeling and Ward. Adapted from U. S. D. of Agr., Circ. 296, 1933.

IN the previous articles on nutrition we have learned something concerning the body's need for energy, protein, fat, carbohydrates—starches and sugar, the minerals and vitamins. In order that the reader may see that the first diet is deficient in its nutritive requirements and that each of the other three diets provide daily adequate amounts of these nutrients the writer is again quoting:

APPROXIMATE NUTRITIVE VALUE PER DAY OF DIETARIES*

	Unit	Restricted diet for emergency use	Adequate diet at minimum cost	Adequate diet at moderate cost	Very liberal diet
		quantity	quantity	quantity	quantity
Energy value	Cal.	11,132	12,312	12,280	12,096
Calories from protein	%	11	13	12	13
Protein	gm.	313	400	368	389
Fat	gm.	349	470	519	592
Carbohydrate	gm.	1,623	1,608	1,515	1,291
Calcium	gm.	4.18	6.74	6.49	6.55
Iron	gm.	.0464	.0579	.0614	.0650
Phosphorus	gm.	5.97	8.08	7.48	7.65
Vitamin A	units	13,705	23,407	25,315	27,988
Vitamin C	units	407	565	787	935

*Stiebeling and Ward. Compiled from U. S. D. of Agr., Circ. 296, 1933.

Translating these dietaries into money values it is suggested, when prices are average, that the food dollar be used as follows:

DIVISION OF THE FAMILY FOOD DOLLAR*

	Restricted diet for emergency use	Adequate diet at minimum cost	Adequate diet at moderate cost	Very liberal diet
Milk and cheese (Liberal includes butter and cream)	25-30c	30-35c	25-30c	30c
Fruits and vegetables	25-20c	25-20c	30-25c	30c
Lean meat, fish and eggs	10c	15c	20-15c	25-30c
Bread, flour and cereals	20c	15c	10c	15-10c including fats, sugars and accessories
Fats, sugars and accessories	20c	15c	15-20c	

*Stiebeling and Ward. Compiled from U. S. D. of Agr., Circ. 296, 1933.

SOME of the common weaknesses of the American diet, "meat, potatoes, white bread and dessert", are: First, twice as much money is spent for meat as is necessary to insure good nutrition. Meat is a good food but very expensive in terms of its food value. A little meat to flavor a large quantity of vegetables is a good practice. Second, this type of

diet is lacking in the necessary protective foods, fresh fruits, vegetables and milk, that supply the mineral salts and vitamins.

DAILY FOOD SELECTION GUIDE

The following suggestions may be of further help in building balanced dietaries:

Milk:

Adults: At least one pint either as a beverage or in cooked food; fresh milk or its equivalent in evaporated or dried milk.

Children: One pint to 1½ pints or 1 quart of fresh milk. Do not let too much milk crowd out the green and colored vegetables.

Vegetables:

Adults: One serving of green vegetables, raw in salads or cooked; two other vegetables including colored vegetables, carrots or tomatoes, and potatoes two or three times a week.

Growing Children: Two vegetables other than potatoes. Include green leafy or colored vegetables, carrots and tomatoes as often as possible.

Fruits:

Adults: One glass of fruit juice or tomato juice or fresh citrous fruits.

Children: One glass fruit juice or tomato juice and two servings of fresh, raw or canned fruits.

Whole Grain Cereals:

Adults: One serving of cereal or one serving of whole wheat bread.

Children: One serving of cereal and two of whole wheat bread.

Meat, Eggs, Cheese:

Adults: One serving meat; one serving eggs or cheese.

Children: One serving meat; one serving eggs or cheese.

Cheese is an excellent protein food and should be used more extensively. Growing children require much more protein food in proportion to their weight than do adults.

Cereals should be the dark, whole grain varieties such as whole cracked wheat, dark farina, oatmeal, or whole puffed cereals. It is an excellent idea to add a small amount of wheat germ to the cereals.

EXAMPLES OF WELL-BALANCED DAILY FOOD SELECTION

These foods and amounts meet the average requirements for energy, protein, calcium, phosphorus, iron and vitamins A, B, C, G:

Infants:

Mother's milk or a modified milk formula with supplements such as cod liver oil, orange juice, vegetable juices, vegetable purees, etc. as prescribed by a physician.

Child One Year:

Class of Foods		*Quantity*
1. Cereal grains	Dark farina with added wheat germ.	½ cup
	Bread—thoroughly toasted.	2 slices
2. Milk	Fresh liquid.	1½ pints—1 quart
3. Vegetables	Peas, canned or fresh Carrots String beans (All well cooked and strained)	2 tablespoons
	Baked pototo.	2 tablespoons
4. Fruits	Orange, pineapple, grapefruit juice.	6 tablespoons
	Prunes, apricots, peaches, pears (Cooked and strained—Canned fruits may be used.)	1-2 tablespoons

5. Butter	Butter—fresh.	1 teaspoon
6. Sugar	Sugar.	½ teaspoon
7. Egg yolk	Egg yolk, soft boiled.	½ yolk
8. Cod liver oil	Cod liver oil.	As prescribed by a physician.

Pre-school Child:

1. Foods from whole cereal grains including whole wheat bread.	Whole cereals with added wheat germ.	¾ cup
	Bread, whole wheat.	2 slices
	Flour for thickening white sauce.	2 teaspoons
	Crackers, whole wheat.	2 small
2. Milk	Milk.	1½ pints—1 quart
3. Vegetables	All mild flavored vegetables: Peas, beans, carrots, beets, well cooked but not strained.	⅓-½ cup
	Potato baked.	1 medium
4. Fruits	Orange, pineapple, grapefruit juices.	½ cup
	All cooked fruits.	⅓-½ cup
	Banana.	
5. Butter	Butter.	2 teaspoons
6. Sugar	Sugar, honey, molasses.	1 teaspoon
7. Eggs, cottage cheese, meat.	Egg, boiled or coddled, or	1 egg
	Ground lean beef patty, or	1-2 tablespoons
	Cottage cheese.	3-4 tablespoons

School Children:

Larger servings of each of the food groups as the children advance in age, leading up to a maximum amount for an active boy, should include all kinds of well-cooked whole cereals with top milk, all kinds of bread rolls, Graham crackers; a quart of milk used as a drink or in cooking; large servings of vegetables, potatoes —2 medium size, cabbage—1 cup or more, cooked or raw; all kinds of cooked vegetables—at least two kinds daily other than potatoes, lettuce—½ head; butter—3-4 tablespoons; bacon—2 slices; sugar, honey, molasses, 3 tablespoons; eggs, cheese, meat—one helping daily, one or two eggs and 2-3 ounces of cheese.

Adults:

It is a serious mistake for adults to feel that since they have ceased to grow they do not need to give special consideration to their diet. There would be far fewer sets of false teeth, far fewer cases of digestive disturbances and much less premature aging if adults were well nourished. To maintain health there is never a time in life when adequate nutrition is not an important consideration. The adult needs all the various nutrients that children require but in different amounts. Our quantities of food for energy will vary in terms of our activities, but our needs for adequate protein, mineral salts and vitamins is urgent throughout the entire life cycle. The problem for adults is to select a balanced dietary and to limit the quantities to our needs. Overreaching is a common error.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

By Julia A. F. Lund, *General Secretary*

A Pioneer Mother

AT THE approach of July our thoughts turn with gratitude and reverence toward our Pioneers. We live again in memory their fearless devotion to duty, their self-sacrifice and their mighty achievements, the benefits of which we today enjoy. Men and women stood side by side in this great era.

We are indebted to Nettie Hunt Rencher for the life story of one of these heroic women, Mary Willie Richards, born May 31, 1850, in Salt Lake City. Her father was captain of the "belated" Willie Handcart Company. One of Mary's earliest recollections was seeing her father upon his return, after suffering greatly from cold and hunger. When Mary was nine years old, the family moved to Mendon, Cache Valley, where her mother became first president of Relief Society. Though the school period was limited to a few months during the year, the little pioneer maid learned many things that enabled her to become a competent wife and mother. Among the household arts she learned to be an expert spinner. At the age of seventeen she married the man of her choice, Joseph Hill Richards. When President Brigham Young called the Saints to settle in Arizona, Brother and Sister Richards were among those to respond. The long journey, covering more than three months, from Cache Valley to Arizona was attended by all the dangers and privations incident to pioneering. The story of these Arizona settlements parallels anything recorded in the building of the West. Only unfailing faith in our Heavenly Father and devotion to the highest ideals could have sustained Sister Richards in the marvelous work she did as a wife, mother, church worker and community builder. Her life sketch is the recital of ingenuity, resourcefulness, courage and determination to surmount all obstacles, coupled with sympathy and tenderness. Her devotion to Relief Society is typical, and her work as a midwife is a record of service unsurpassable. Only through the sustaining spirit of the Gospel could she have lived and accomplished so much. In the words of her biographer, "Service is so much a part of her very life, she must continue it, so she turned to temple work. She has worked in the Salt Lake, Logan, St. George and Mesa Temples." On May 31 Sister Richards reached her ninetieth birthday. What a record of achievement, what a heritage she will leave to her family, what an example of Latter-day Saint womanhood she has set.

Church Institute at Laramie

AS AN organization of mothers, the Relief Society is very much interested in the Church program of education. It is always a great pleasure and a source of pride to hear of the work of the seminaries, colleges and institutes of religion. Today, more than ever before, the need for religious education is apparent. We are indebted to Alice K. Chase whose husband, Daryl Chase, is Director of the Institute at Laramie, Wyoming, for the *Laramie Branch News*. This little publication not

only carries a most interesting report of the Institute and its excellent work but also gives news of the auxiliary organizations and the fine work they are doing. We congratulate the Relief Society upon its interesting message. We thank Sister Chase for the following beautiful tribute to our visiting teachers, written by her mother, Rinta T. Koford:

"In the first letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, he said, 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.'

"The truth of Paul's statement was recognized when, on July 28, 1843 there was organized at Nauvoo, Illinois, a group of sixteen women known by the quaint name of the 'Necessity Committee'. Their instructions were that they should 'search out the poor and suffering, call upon the rich for aid, and thus as far as possible, relieve the wants of all'. This simple beginning was the forerunner of an elaborate system of visiting teaching in the Relief Society organization today.

"The responsibilities of those who comprise this group have been increased many times over what they were in the days of the Prophet Joseph. Today they are to carry aid to the suffering and relief to the poor, but are known as teachers—visiting teachers, who come to the door with the same spirit of love advocated by Paul, with the same desire to assist advocated by our early Church leaders, and, in addition, with helpful and educational topics for discussion.

"They come to the home with the spirit of Jesus—love for their fellowmen.

"One of the most significant monuments in America today is that one erected to the unknown soldier. We know that the strength of our armies, and the strength of our nation lie in the lives of the common soldier and the citizen whose name never appears in the paper. The strength of the Latter-day Saint Church consists primarily in the loyalty and sacrifice of men and women who are rarely known outside their own stake and ward. Without the loyal lay-workers our leaders would have no one to lead, and our Church would cease to be Christ's Church.

"There is no corps of workers in the Latter-day Saint Church today more anxious to serve their fellowmen than the Relief Society visiting teachers. No group follows any more closely the advice of our Lord Jesus in doing good to one another than these Latter-day Saint mothers who give of their time, their goods, and their talents to assist the needy and to offer words of instruction to their brothers and sisters in the Gospel. No group in our Church today exemplifies any more clearly the religion described by the Apostle James when he said, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'

"And so to these teachers we express our sincere gratitude for their untiring efforts and for the peace, love, and instruction which they bring into our homes.

"May they ever follow in the footsteps of the Master Teacher!"

RELIEF SOCIETY WARD ORGANIZATION, CHICAGO STAKE

Chicago Stake

THE picture is one of the progressive wards of the Chicago Stake, and though young in years the organization has a splendid spirit and has every assurance of a very bright future. From Lois E. Astin, Relief Society Stake President, comes a very fine report of the activities. The teachers' message is in the form of a leaflet carrying the program of lesson work, which is an excellent way of giving this needed information in a city of great distances and scattered membership.

"The Relief Society work here is showing progress. Our Sisters are very much interested in the courses of study. Most of our class leaders all through the stake are very efficient and trained in their special fields of work.

"We are happy to see added interest in the visiting teachers' work. Our Sisters are handicapped in this work because of members being scattered all over the cities, but they are meeting this condition as best they can.

"Sunday, January 8, we had a very successful leadership meeting. The Teachers' Training Class held in connection with M. I. A. workers and under the direction of Dr. Royal Garff is proving to be very successful. Our ward conferences have been held. All were well planned and a very splendid spirit manifest among the officers and members. Sister Matheson, our stake chorister, is creating interest in Relief Society mothers' choruses. At present we have three very fine choruses organized and working."

Cottonwood Stake

FRIDAY, May 12, 1939, National Hospital Day was appropriately observed by the Cottonwood Maternity Hospital. A short program, followed by a visit through the institution, did honor to the day. Relief Society Stake President, Lyle M.

Berry, who is also superintendent of the hospital, presided. Counselor Florence H. Bennion conducted the exercises. President and Sister Heber J. Grant, members of the General Board of Relief Society, former Stake President U. G. Miller, former Relief Society President Sister Amanda N. Bagley and her counselors, were among the distinguished guests present. A brief history of the hospital was given by Secretary Josephina J. Miller, from which the following excerpt is quoted:

"Some time ago Sister Amanda N. Bagley, the first president of the Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, was asked: 'Just what was it that prompted a desire in you to establish the Maternity Hospital?' Her reply was: 'Having had two mothers in my neighborhood die during childbirth from conditions which could have been prevented had they received proper care, seeing children left motherless, I longed to do something for mothers to make motherhood safer.' "

Her counselors, Mary S. Cornwall and Rena M. Wheeler, were with Sister Bagley in thought and action. A plan for a hospital, approved by Stake President U. G. Miller, was submitted to President Clarissa S. Williams. The plan was then referred to the First Presidency of the Church and the Presiding Bishopric who purchased property for the hospital site with the understanding that the Relief Society furnish and maintain it. Aid was given the enterprise by the doctors of the community, public-spirited citizens, ward Relief Societies, the stake sewing department, Salt Lake County, and Jordan Stake.

December 10, 1924, the hospital was formally opened to the public, at which time Apostle Melvin J. Ballard offered the dedicatory prayer.

There have been a number of changes in the Relief Society stake organization since that date, but there has been no interruption in the service rendered by the organization in maintaining a modern hospital. The number of patients has constantly increased as well as the quality of service. Sister Lyle M. Berry, present president of the Cottonwood Stake and superintendent of the hospital, has been purchasing agent from the time of its opening. Up to date there have been 422 patients admitted, with no deaths of mothers directly due to the complications of childbirth. A missionary service of thirteen years without a penny of remuneration has indeed been rendered by devoted stake Relief Society workers.

MY PRAYER

I'm making tiny garments
For a baby wee and fair,
And with each little stitch I take,
I breathe a silent prayer
For patience, and for wisdom,
That I may always be
Worthy of this sacred trust
That God has given me.

—*Vera P. Bollschweiler*

MORMON HANDICRAFT

Highlights

By Nellie O. Parker

"Rhodora, if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky
Tell them, dear, that if eyes are made
for seeing
Then beauty is its own excuse for being."
—Emerson.

EYES certainly get a feast when they behold the lovely guest towels available in our Gift shop. Like Rhodora, these towels are so charming in workmanship and color harmony that just to see them is a delight and according to the poet is excuse enough for their existence. Guest towels have their uses, however, and not least among these is the eloquent declaration they make, as they hang in dainty array, of the hostess' thoughtfulness in providing every detail of hospitality. They speak louder than words of her artistic taste and whisper sweet compliments to the friends whom they serve. The gift of a set of guest towels will bring joy to any woman's heart be she prospective bride or matron.

Forming A Fine Tradition

Brother O. G. Reichman of Bonneville Stake Presidency said this stake would always choose a gift from Mormon Handicraft to express its gratitude to those whom it wishes to honor for faithful, loyal service. We commend this stake for its loyalty to our worthy home industry and also for its discriminating taste in choosing such high quality articles for gifts. We wish to express our grateful appreciation.

News From Over The Counter

Last year a visitor from New Jersey purchased some things from Mormon Handicraft. She was so pleased with her purchases and her friends back home admired them so much that she came again this year. She inquired at the Bureau of Information about the location of the Shop. This time she spent thirty dollars with us.

Another patron is one who is furnishing a country home near New York City. She bought seventy dollars worth of quilts and other things. Two women from Chicago made substantial purchases. This is just to mention a few of our customers. Everyone is profuse in their praise of the excellence and beauty of workmanship of the articles. Nowhere can finer things be found they say.

Netted and Crocheted Gloves

For the warm summer days these gloves look so cool and airy and are very flattering to sun-tanned hands for either street wear or dress-up occasions. Come and get a pair of these dainty gloves for your summer wardrobe.

Snoods

Snoods are popular and very convenient. They are so easily adjusted over one's hair and will keep one looking trim and smart for any sort of outing. They can be had in colors to match any costume.

Yes, a path is being made to the door of Mormon Handicraft!

Rules for Submitting Handicraft

MORMON Handicraft has now been operating two years. While it is not yet paying expenses, the General Board feels that its growth in the two years warrants the faith they have in the project that it will eventually be of great service to the women and carry its own operating expenses—rent, heat, light, service, insurance, advertising, gift boxes, paper boxes and all the necessary things for any business.

The two years has been the experimental period. Now we feel that it must be definitely put on a business basis, and we call your attention to the following rules which we are asking the ward presidents to make known to all wishing to participate. These rules will be effective from July 1, 1939.

Membership is $1 per year. The membership year is from January 1 to January 1. If the ward takes out a membership, then any active member of that ward is considered a member without paying individual dues. Those who wish to participate from wards where the ward has not taken a membership, and any woman not an active member of Relief Society, must pay individual dues of $1 per year. The membership fee must be paid before articles are accepted.

No articles will be received unless the ward Work and Business leader, or the owner with the approval of the Work and Business leader, writes to the office, submitting a sample of the work and then receives an order from the Shop.

Those members who now have articles in the Shop will be contacted by the Shop as the articles sell, and if more can be used the order will be given, provided the membership dues have been paid.

This is the only way in which we can control the number of articles and not be overstocked with certain items. We are now much overstocked with lace doilies, pillow slips and bedspreads.

We are asking the cooperation of the ward presidents and Work and Business leaders as well as all members who wish to send articles to the Shop. Our only desire is to be of service to the women, and with your aid we feel confident we can succeed.

"IT is usually not talent, but what we do with our native equipment, that counts."

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY

(Composer of music for Tennyson's *Crossing The Bar*)

OF all the lovely verses the poet Tennyson has written perhaps no one verse has been more frequently quoted or has been accorded more popular favor than the one so familiar to all, *Crossing The Bar*.

Today these words are of particular interest to us due to the fact that they have been set to appropriate music. Sir Joseph Barnby, the English composer and organist, was perhaps the first person to compose music for Tennyson's *Crossing The Bar*. This music is of "survival value," for it has lived through the years to comfort and bless humanity. Quite recently, through the fine cooperation of Dr. Frank W. Asper, this particular music was arranged for women's voices, and at the present time most of our Relief Society Singing Mothers are very familiar with both words and music, and copies of it are to be found in many of our Relief Society music libraries.

Sir Joseph Barnby lived an interesting, active musical life. He was born in York, England, August 12, 1838, the son of Thomas Barnby, the organist. At the age of seven he entered the Royal Academy of Music and also became a member of the choir of York Minster at the same time. At the age of twelve he was appointed choirmaster.

In 1854, while a student at the Royal Academy of Music, he was "narrowly defeated" by Arthur Sullivan in the competition for the first Mendelssohn scholarship offered to the school.

During the years of 1851 to 1863 he was known as "precentor and choirmaster". The word "precentor" was quite commonly used at that particular time, designating a leader of a choir or a singing director, or probably more specifically a leader of a choir in a cathedral.

He was at one time music instructor in Eton College and later head of the Guildhall School of Music in London for many years. From 1871 to 1886 he was organist in St. Ann's School.

"In 1867, Novello, to whom he had been musical advisor since 1861, established Barnby's Choir, which gave oratorio concerts from 1869 to 1872 when it was amalgamated with the choir formed and conducted by Gounod, under the title of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, now the Royal Choral Society.

"He was appointed precentor of Eton in 1875, a post of the highest importance in the musical education of the upper classes, and retained this until 1892 when he succeeded Thomas Weist Hill as Principal of the Guildhall School of Music."

Several of his fine compositions, such as *King All Glorious*, *The Lord Is King* and his cantata *Rebekah*, a sacred idyll, as well as several secular choruses and songs won for him many favors both in England and in America, and in 1892 he was knighted. His works include 246 hymn tunes as well as some part songs, among them the popular *Sweet and Low*.

It has been said of him that as a choirmaster he had great gifts and managed to secure a wonderful degree of accuracy.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 1

John The Beloved

Helpful References

James E. Talmage, *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 256, 257, 140, 198, 220, 679.

A. B. Bruce, *The Training of the Twelve*, consult index under heading of *John*, and *Peter and John*.

W. M. Mackay, *The Men Whom Jesus Made*, pp. 57-75. (Harper & Brothers, New York. 1933.)

E. F. Scott, *The Literature of the New Testament*, pp. 230-259. (Columbia University Press, New York. 1932.)

JOHN'S COMING FORESEEN.—The Book of Mormon makes mention of the Twelve who were to follow the Christ, but special attention is given to the work of John the Beloved. Nephi was permitted to see in vision many events that were to happen far in the future. He wrote of some of them but was forbidden to write the others. His account is as follows: "And it came to pass that the angel spake unto me, saying: Look! And I looked and beheld a man, and he was dressed in a white robe. And the angel said unto me: Behold one of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. Behold, he shall see and write the remainder of these things; yea, and also many things which have been. And he shall also write concerning the end of the world. Wherefore, the things which he shall write are just and true. . . . And behold, the things which this apostle of the Lamb shall write are many things which thou hast seen; and behold, the remainder shalt thou see. But the things which thou shalt see hereafter thou shalt not write; for the Lord God hath ordained the apostle of the Lamb of God that he should write them. . . And I, Nephi, heard and bear record, that the name of the apostle of the Lamb was John, according to the word of the angel." (I Ne. 14:18-27) This statement or prophecy of Nephi's is a marvelous one when we consider that it was given nearly six hundred years before John was born. Theologically it is of great interest because it states that the apostle should "write concerning the end of the world". The Apocalypse or Revelation of John seems to fit this statement better than any other book we know.

JOHN'S EARLY LIFE.—John was the son of Zebedee and Salome of Bethsaida. It will, of course, be remembered that he was the brother of James. Some writers have pointed out in the case of Peter and Andrew, who were also brothers, that Andrew was far overshadowed by his brother. A similar relation cannot be said to hold between James and John. James was of higher rank in the Presidency of the early Church, but John became by far the more famous of the two. In his youth John probably lived the life of a normal Jewish boy.

Brought up in a good home he was early taught to read the Jewish scriptures. This early training greatly helped him in the acquisition of the spiritual insight for which he later became so famous. Like all Jewish boys, John learned a trade or profession. Inasmuch as his father was a fisherman, it was quite natural that he should take up the same occupation.

JOHN A DISCIPLE OF THE BAPTIST.—John it is who gives us the modest account of the circumstances under which the Christ was visited by two disciples of John the Baptist. (See John 1:35-42) Andrew is named as one of the two, and John the Beloved, the writer, is usually assumed to be the other. As indicated in other lessons we should very much like to know how it came about that John, Andrew, and possibly Peter, became disciples of John the Baptist. It is a great tribute to the latter's preaching and personality that men like John and Andrew came all the way from Bethsaida to hear him, and became his disciples. It is not known just how long John was with the Baptist. At any rate we can consider the time he spent with the latter as an effective period of preparation for his apostolic ministry. We must remember that John the Baptist was a great prophet. (See Matt. 11:11) He could not fail to leave a valuable and lasting impression on the man who was destined to be one of Christ's special witnesses.

JOHN THE APOSTLE.—It is scarcely necessary to relate the circumstances under which John became a disciple of the Master and later an apostle. They were essentially the same as in the case of Peter and James. We are more interested, however, in finding out what John did as an apostle.

John was one of "the Three" who were to enjoy a peculiar intimacy with Christ. He was with the latter at the raising of the dead and was present at the time of "the Transfiguration" upon the mount. (See Mk. 5:22-43; Matt. 17:1-13) He and Peter were sent to make ready for "the Lord's Supper". He was at Gethsemane with Christ (Matt. 26:36-46) and was the first to recover himself after the latter's arrest. He was present at his Master's trial and was the only apostle who dared follow Him to the cross. It was John who received Christ's charge to care for his mother. (John 19: 25-27) It would seem that he was more intimately associated with Christ than any of the apostles because he speaks of himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved". (See John 13:23) Macartney comments on Christ's affection for John as follows: "On the side of His human nature Jesus gave full play to His natural affections, but in a way that never excites the anger or the jealousy of the disciples. Peter, James and John enjoyed a peculiar intimacy, and John had a place all to himself. There was something in the youth that attracted Jesus and made easy the exchange of spirit. We think of John as the one who, above all the rest, had deep spiritual insight and a quick and easy apprehension of the mystery of God in Christ. These traits appear in his Gospel and his Epistles; and it may have been because he was the first

to catch the meaning of Christ, to understand how He was the Eternal Son of God and how He came to give life, that Jesus showed unusual affection for him. We like those who get our meaning quickly, whose thoughts range in the same atmosphere, and who do not, like Philip, need to have every step and every figure explained."

John's spiritual penetration and insight were remarkable, and it is not accident that his Gospel is known as one of the most beautiful writings in the world. As a writer he was peculiarly adapted to deal with spiritual matters.

JOHN AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.—The Gospel of John was universally accepted as the work of the apostle, the son of Zebedee, until the beginning of the last century. It was commonly believed that John moved to Asia Minor when over eighty years of age and that he wrote his memoirs of Christ in the City of Ephesus. The testimony of the early church fathers seems to support that view.

But today various theories are set forth as to the authorship of the Gospel. We may point out some of them: (1) That John the Beloved is only in a secondary sense the author. According to this view John's teaching was put into literary form by one of his disciples, so that in reality we have the Gospel "according to John," but not by the apostle himself. (2) That the original author was not the Apostle but another individual by the same name, possibly "John the elder," a prominent figure in the ancient church at the beginning of the second century. (3) That the author is not known at all, and the church from the earliest time could only guess at his identity. (4) That the Gospel as we have it at present is the composition of at least two persons, perhaps more.

The trend of modern views of the New Testament may justify us in reviewing in some detail the reasons for believing that John the Revelator was the author of the Fourth Gospel: (1) It was written by an authority of the ancient church whose influence was sufficient to secure for it universal recognition as a genuine gospel. It is not likely that an obscure disciple could have written and obtained such a result. (2) The great historian of the fourth century, Eusebius, who had sources before him not now known to us, accepted the current tradition that John the Beloved was the author. Other eminent writers representing practically all sections of the Christian world support him in his opinion. To this may be added the testimony of the Muratorian fragment.* Such evidence proves that by the last part of the second century the Fourth Gospel was well known and used over much of the Christian world because it was believed to have been written by John the Apostle. Professor H. E. Dana points out that there was a widespread belief that the Apostle John wrote the Gospel. From the Gospel itself (21:24) we read, "This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his testimony is true."

*A mutilated fragment containing a list of New Testament Scriptures. This early list was published by Muratori, at Milan, Italy, in 1740.

The context seems to indicate that "the disciple" referred to was "the disciple whom Jesus loved," who is believed by most students to have been John the Apostle. While these statements in the Gospel do not absolutely prove the apostolic authorship, they do show that the author was an eye witness. (See also 19:35 and 1:14) That this eye witness was a Palestinian Jew seems apparent because of his easy familiarity with Jewish manners and customs, ideas, etc. His knowledge of the geography of Palestine is not of the second-hand variety as the present writer can attest from personal investigation while in the Holy Land. Furthermore, the Gospel has a marked Aramaic style as could be expected if written by John the Apostle.

Latter-day Saints have additional reasons for accepting John the Beloved as the author of the Gospel: First, Doctrine and Covenants 7 definitely points to the Apostle John as "the disciple whom Jesus loved". (John 21:20.) Therefore, John 21:24 would indicate that John the Revelator is the actual author of the Gospel. Furthermore, a careful reading of Doctrine and Covenants 93:6-26 and comparison with John 1:1-34; 14:17 must go far toward convincing our people that the traditional view of the authorship is correct.

Questions and Problems

(Deal Only With Those That Time And Circumstances Permit.)

1. Under what circumstances do you suppose John, Andrew and Peter became disciples of John the Baptist?

2. Name all the benefits you can that John, Andrew and Peter may have derived from becoming disciples of John the Baptist.

3. Explain as best you can Matt. 11:11, 14. (See Edwin F. Parry, *Joseph Smith's Teachings*, 3rd ed., pp. 87-89, 27-35.)

4. Give as good an explanation as you can why John was specially beloved by Christ.

5. What is there in the teaching of the Fourth Gospel that convinces you it was written by the Apostle John?

6. Have some member of the class report upon incidents of interest or specific teachings contained in John's Gospel.

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

No. 1

Establishing Goals

"And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—Luke 9:62.

THE ultimate goal of the Latter-day Saint is life eternal, which according to the beloved apostle John (17:3) is, "that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

There are many furrows to be plowed in the field of life before this

final goal is reached. Many of these will be watered with tears, some of joy, some of sorrow. The central theme of Latter-day Saint philosophy, that the spirit of man is eternal and that it advances toward its goal through the experiences it undergoes, impels us to seek and value experiences whether they be pleasant or difficult.

We do not think of the attainment of our goal in abstract terms; rather we think of it as the daily improvement of habits, the acquiring of new information and outlooks, the acquisition of new skills. We prepare ourselves for eternity to the extent that we succeed in getting along with people, in spreading happiness into the lives of others, and through mutually assisting one another in reaching a higher plane of living, and in complying with the more formal requirements of the Church.

Cognizant of his goal, and understanding the means by which it is attained, the Latter-day Saint is constantly seeking experiences which will enrich and improve his daily life.

Faith plays an important role in the attainment of any established goal. As our testimonies become strong, faith is increased and our advancement toward our goal of eternal life more assured. "Do you in all that thou doest acknowledge Him and know that He will direct thy path."

Discussion

1. What is the advantage of establishing goals?
2. How may our daily habits be improved?
3. How may faith be increased? Explain how faith aids in the attainment of established goals.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 1

"Personal Recollections Of Joan Of Arc"

IN resuming the study of the Novel as a type of literature, attention is called to the first lesson in the course, "The Advance of the Novel", found in the July, 1938 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

The Novel, as a social register, has become a very definite part and parcel of our existence, and it is necessary to consider the different types and the scope of each, and their place in literature today. One literary critic observes that in history life is presented from observation, in the Novel it is presented from the imagination. History tells what has been done by the human race; the Novel tells of the thoughts and feelings of humanity in what it has accomplished. Every great novelist presents his work with the feeling that it is but a chapter from the larger book of life.

The effort in this course, "The

Advance of the Novel," has been to choose those "chapters" which show the Novel at its best and are most strongly representative of the period and race. The great works studied have faithfully sought to observe and portray the spirit of the times and scenes, since it is the *spirit* which directs the course of events in this world and gives life its meaning.

Turning to the field of American fiction, it is most proper that Mark Twain be considered, for according to John Macy he is "the most original of all our writers and the most deeply and broadly American. . . . . He is the prose laureate of our democracy." William Dean Howells called him "the Lincoln of our literature". Samuel Langhorne Clemens has made the name he assumed when he began his earliest work as a newspaper reporter to so completely usurp his own name, that it is safe to say that "Mark Twain" is known to more people of all conditions the world over than any other American author of his century. This "pen name" was a term used by the Mississippi River pilots to indicate the depth of water (two fathoms) when throwing the lead.

Mr. Clemens, or Mark Twain, as we shall call him, was born in Hannibal, Missouri, a small town on the west bank of the Mississippi, in 1835.

Macy names William Dean Howells, Henry James and Mark Twain as the three American writers of first importance in the generation which came to maturity after the Civil War. Mark Twain was in very deed a son of the Middle-west, which was also part southern. He grew to young manhood in this environment, and spent some time in Nevada and California while the West was still "young." He lived for many years in New England and New York. He traveled all over the world and knew from actual contact all types of men and all ways of life. Quoting from Macy again: "No writer was ever better fitted to interpret the country in which he lived, and no country ever had a writer better equipped to interpret it."

In many characteristics Mark Twain suggests the first great novelist, Daniel Defoe. They were both born newspaper reporters and great pamphleteers. They both said all they had to say, and, masters of style as they were, they knew how to say it. Mark Twain was always in great demand as a lecturer and after-dinner speaker. His magnificent command of language and his knowledge gathered from the whole world, his bitter indignation at wrong, his inimitable skill in using the same intellectual weapon, ridicule, employed by Voltaire and Swift, contributed toward writing Mark Twain's name in indelible characters upon the pages of American literature.

There is a wealth of material on this great author in addition to an excellent autobiography published a few years ago. His books and their characters are like old acquaintances. Great numbers of newspaper articles, *Sketches, Innocents Abroad, Following the Equator, A Tramp Abroad, The American Claimant, Puddin' Head Wilson, A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, The Prince and the Pauper, Life on the Mississippi, Tom Sawyer,* and

Huckleberry Finn are only part of his voluminous writings. One critic has said, "His fun may sometimes grow stale, as fashions in humor change, but the serious Mark Twain is a classic as sure of immortality as any prose writer of his age."

It is the "serious Mark Twain" we are to study in *The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. No less a critic than that of The Charles Dudley Warner Library considers this "The most serious, dignified, imaginative work of the author's life, in which he strikes the universal chords of sympathy and pathos and heroic elevation." It is said to have been Mark Twain's own favorite among his works. Perhaps there is no one in modern times who has made a more careful study of Joan of Arc or who is more familiar with Mark Twain than the distinguished American author, Albert Bigelow Paine who has this to say: "Considered from every point of view, *The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* is Mark Twain's supreme literary expression; the loftiest, the most delicate, the most luminous example of his work. The reader will know the true personality of Joan of Arc more truly than ever before, and he will love her, as the author loved her, for the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable child the ages have produced."

In type, this work belongs in the historic, romantic novel class, as do Scott's *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, and Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and its sequel *The Virginian*. Historic characters and events are closely followed, while the fictitious form and simple style adopted by the author bring the strange drama within our understanding and sympathies. The story professes to be a translation from the ancient French of the original unpublished manuscript in the National Archives of France. This was written by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Joan's page and secretary. This treatment by the author, using the first person, establishes the same quality of verisimilitude found in Robinson Crusoe, giving the stamp of reality and sincerity. The supposed author, de Conte, is of noble birth, two years the senior of Joan. He had been taught by his uncle, a priest, to read and write, which was a most unusual accomplishment in those days, but it accounts for his being chosen as Joan's secretary.

The story is logically divided into three parts:

First, *In Domremy*—beginning with Joan's early childhood, the scenes of simple country life and the happy association with the children and people of the village.

Second, *In Court and Camp*—follows her through her stormy but marvelously successful career of a year's duration; her audiences with the king, her marches with the army, her entry into Orleans, the crowning of the king.

Third, *Trial and Martyrdom*—the story of her betrayal, her infamous trial, her execution.

At this period, France was still in the throes of feudalism, and from the time of William the Conqueror, who, though King of England, was still Duke of Normandy, England continued to lay claim to parts of France. The time of the appearance of Joan of Arc is near the close of the Hundred Years' War in Europe, and some knowledge of this is neces-

sary to a correct understanding of the relations of the French and English at this time. The war began in the year 1328, when Edward III of England claimed the French crown. Edward and his successors tried to enforce their claims by war, and the English won some important victories which gave them a strong foothold in France. They were aided by the weakness of the French kings and by the bitter civil strife between the two powerful rival French houses, Burgundy and Orleans. Burgundy was an ally of the English. Henry V, one of England's strongest warrior kings, took advantage of this civil strife and forced a most humiliating agreement with the French. He was given Catherine, daughter of the French king, for his wife, was recognized as Regent of France during the life of King Charles VI upon whose death the throne of France was to pass to the King of England. Both kings, Henry V of England and Charles VI of France, died in the year 1422. The Dauphin, afterward Charles VII of France, refused to be bound by the agreement, and claimed the throne of France, so the war dragged on.

In the spring of 1428, the English and their allies made a determined effort to capture Orleans, the key to southern France. This is the time when the story of Joan of Arc begins to assume historic interest.

The opening chapter presents a terrible picture of the depths to which France had sunk, and the awful state of affairs in Paris. This was in contrast to the beautiful country around Domremy, where Joan was born January 6, 1412. Her parents were descended from wealthy and ancient stock, but through adverse circumstances had been greatly reduced. They lived the life of simple peasants and shepherds. The youthful Joan was a great favorite with the children, but she was distinguished for her simplicity, her industry, her great reverence for the church and all sacred things. Her patriotism was early inflamed by the fact that her section of France was loyal to its native king.

Special attention should be given to the account of the Fairy Tree of Domremy, and the innocent sport of the children, as this was recalled in her infamous trial. Even as a little girl her patriotism for France was equalled only by her deep devotion to her religion. Her compassion for all dumb animals is beautifully portrayed. The rabbits, birds, cats and squirrels were all her pets and unafraid of her. Her tender sympathy for suffering was exquisitely displayed in her conduct toward the beggar to whom she gave her own bowl of porridge. The report of the mad man of the village shows her utter lack of fear and the power of her faith. This episode is most gruesome and dramatic.

The war finally penetrated into the peaceful country, and Domremy was pillaged and burned.

According to the biographer, "All through her childhood and up to the middle of her fourteenth year, Joan had been the most light-hearted creature and the merriest in the village; . . . She was everybody's pet. . . . But now for a whole year and a half she had been mainly grave; not melancholy, but given to thought, abstractions, dreams. She was carry-

ing France upon her heart, and she found the burden not light." She first heard "voices" in the year 1425, but continued her simple domestic life until in 1428 she went with her uncle to the Governor of her province. He sent her home again, but in the first of the year 1429 Joan said good-by to her home and dear ones. It was her birthday—she was seventeen years old.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Read Chapter 47, "American Fiction," *The Story of the World's Literature* by John Macy.

2. Shakespeare's *Henry V* gives a very excellent picture of this time, early 15th century, in England and France. A brief review of this might be given.

3. Read all of Book I in *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* and list the important characters.

4. Give your impressions of Joan as this first part of the story presents her. Note her deep spirituality even in childhood.

5. What is the proper classification of this novel as to type?

Social Service

Lesson 1

Psychology of Fads, Crazes, and Fashions

1. *What Are Fads and Crazes Psychologically?* Fads change rapidly and frequently and seldom leave any permanent impression on the habits of a people. They usually consist of some slight change in language, dress or manner. The motivation back of fads is a desire of leaders, or would-be leaders, in friendly relationships to assert that leadership; that is, to attract attention, to be marked off from the rest of the group by some novel difference. Thus, new words are coined or old ones are given a new and vivid usage because it attracts attention to the user. So many changes appear in English usage that someone has called it the "English slanguage". Youths of recent years have made fads of expressions such as "oh, yeah?", "so what?", and "you've got something there". These expressions are usually soon overdone and forgotten, having left little change on our accepted language.

The course of most fads is a brief one. They sweep from one group to another in an informal way, being introduced or used by those seeking distinction in the recreational group —the boys' gang, the club, the neighborhood, or the community. But as soon as fads become widespread in the group, they kill themselves as suddenly as they were born. They die because their usage no longer gives distinction or leadership to the users. Aside from the novelty, they serve no purpose.

The term *craze* does not imply an insane way of doing, but activities which have frenzied social acceptance are called crazes. Fads are of incidental importance in the life of the one who adopts them, but crazes

take over almost all of a person's spare time. They captivate a person's interests and become preoccupations or obsessions. Crazes do not spread so freely to all classes as do fads; but, like fads, the motivation back of crazes is usually a desire to attract attention: A craze gives a person something novel and interesting to talk about, or it is an activity which will catch the notice of people. A craze "runs itself out," just as a fad does, as soon as it ceases to be novel and to attract attention.

II. *A Few Additional Examples of Fads, Crazes, and Fashions.* Fads come and go so quickly that they sometimes spread through only a small part of the population and are quickly forgotten. The radio and movies have greatly speeded up the process by which fads come and go, particularly fads in speech such as slang expressions and "gags".

Dress fads are very common, especially among women. During 1937, many new fads arose in women's hats. All sorts of objects from gloves and boots to stuffed birds were worked over into hats. So extreme did the rage become that one person tried the experiment of tying bunches of vegetables or even sink stoppers and chains on the side of the head to see if they would be accepted as hats. (See *Life*, Dec. 20, 1937, p. 80; see also Dorothy Thompson's reaction to the "hat situation" a year later: *Readers Digest*, January, 1939, pp. 89, 90.)

Perhaps fads that concern us most vitally are the food and drug fads which sweep the country. We have had vegetarian diets advocated as the "only thing," then there was the fad for gland treatments as panaceas for all human ills. Yeast had its turn a a highly exploited health food. Vita mins and cod liver oil fads also hel sway for a longer period but are nov being recommended more cautious ly. (See *Consumers' Research Bulle tin*, Annual Cumulative Numbe Sept., 1938, cols. 195-198.) Obvious ly, many of these fads are promote by commercial interests.

Crazes in dances, songs, and game are very common. We from time t time fall into the grip of "catchy songs which have a brief but violen life. In 1918 it was *K-K-K Katy*, i 1923 it was *Barney Google* and Ye *We Have No Bananas*. In Januar of 1936, the *Music Goes Round an Round* was being accepted with grea enthusiasm, but by March 2, 193 *Time* magazine reported it was n longer a hit.

"Swing" music became a craze i 1936 and still holds considerabl popularity in 1939. Other specifi dance crazes have been the Charle ton, Black Bottom, Big Apple an Lambeth Walk.

In May, 1935, the "send a dime craze taxed the facilities of the post service. The idea back of it was t send a dime and a list of names i cluding one's own to a person an to request that he do likewise. Fi ally, enough dimes would com back to the original names (presun ably) to make a huge sum. "Get ric quick" crazes appeal to self-intere in such a manner as to almost alwa acquire a large following. (See C son, T., "Brother Can You Share Dime?" *New Republic*, May 2 1935, pp. 43, 44.) Various mar thons, such as walkathons, bicyc endurance races, and dancing mar thons are also crazes. In 1928, tr

sitting marathons came; in 1930, dancing marathons; walkathons in 1932; and roller skating marathons in 1936.

Even nudism, suicide, and "companionate marriage" have been crazes at one time or another. Bicycle riding became a craze in 1935, when for the first time since 1899 the national production of bicycles exceeded a half a million.

Fashions in dress are so well known we need only mention them. But fashions are also to be found in automobiles, political doctrines, and even in science. The motivation behind fashions is the desire to be marked off from the rank and file of people and to identify oneself with a rather mythical group called "fashionable people". There is usually a desire to attract attention by something new. Fashions change more slowly than fads and crazes because they are less superficial.

A most serious influence fashion may have on us as Latter-day Saints is in the realm of morals. In recent years it has become "fashionable" for both men and women to smoke (of course, it is not fashionable among Latter-day Saints). The use of liquor by men and women has gone through a similar change. The modern newspapers, radio, and movies are making it more difficult for Latter-day Saints to resist this trend of fashion. Whether the fashion of smoking and drinking will crystallize into a custom and remain indefinitely is difficult to predict. So long as it remains a fashion, there is hope that it will "run itself out" by losing its novelty from too common acceptance. Latter-day Saints should thoroughly understand the subtle influence fashions in the use of liquor and tobacco have upon our attitude toward them. We must guard ourselves against making a sacrifice of ideals for the sake of being fashionable.

III. *What Produces Fashion Trends?* How and when fashions will shift is more than anyone can accurately predict. Many attempts have been made to artificially change a trend, but most such attempts have failed. It is true that leaders in fashion have something to do with trends. Before the moving picture industry took firm root, fashions were brought from Paris; but often by the time the pictures were finished fashions had changed. Producers then brought great designers to Hollywood, and it became the fashion center of America. The name "Hollywood" has such prestige that fashions are influenced by the fact alone that they came from there, regardless of their originators. But such a name as Adrian also gives prestige to a creation and may affect fashion trends. However, great fashion centers probably do not create the fashion trends so much as they interpret trends already started and shape them in some ways.

Most fashions originate with the more well-to-do classes. English royalty have great influence on fashion trends. Note some American fashion changes which resulted from the visit of British royalty. When fashions reach the masses, the groups who originate them immediately adopt something different. The five-and-ten-cent jewelry departments have thrived upon the desire of ordinary people to ornament themselves with the appearance of lux-

ury. This fact has perhaps tended to reduce the amount of really "showy" dress and jewelry worn by the more wealthy classes in America during recent years.

Streamlining and other fashion changes in automobiles are made by manufacturers fast enough to make a person who desires to keep up with the styles definitely out of fashion every year or two. Many a new automobile is bought not because the old one is no longer good transportation, but because at first glance it is now a "last year's model," and the neighbor's car makes ours look somewhat out of fashion.

IV. *How Should I Concern Myself With the Problem of Fads, Crazes and Fashions?* Fads, crazes and fashions seldom leave much permanent beneficial effect upon a people. However, better esthetic tastes may result from fashions. A person also frequently benefits in his personal contacts with people by keeping up with the times. Prestige often is gained by judiciously following fashion trends. This is particularly so in so-called fashionable society. One cannot maintain his social standing without being alert to fashion.

Proper personal appearance should be commended to all, and a reasonable following of style trends within one's own immediate group is necessary for proper grooming. This means, of course, wise planning within one's own means and circumstances, and striking a happy medium between too readily discarding the old and taking up the new.

But occasionally "fashion chasing" becomes a mania and results in foolish and unnecessary waste of money. Usefulness is often overlooked in the clamor for style, i.e. wearing stylish but poorly fitted shoes. Other financial needs in the home are sometimes subordinated to the fashion needs.

Likewise, certain crazes may become similar to manias which absorb more than their legitimate share of one's time, interest and money. Crazes may afford recreation, but they are seldom suitable hobbies because they are usually so soon thrown aside. A person who is well adjusted and who therefore has charm and direct influence with his group ordinarily does not need to take up crazes to attract attention or to feel like a leader.

However, parents will do well to consider thoughtfully the motivation back of fads, crazes and fashions. These activities are especially appealing to adolescents who feel so keenly the need for being recognized. Faddy clothes, language and gestures are often a necessary part of the "growing up" process and should be interpreted, not in terms of a parent's dislike for the particular things the adolescents like, but in the light of the adolescent needs they satisfy.

It is important for all mature persons to learn to detect the fleeting forms of social behavior as contrasted with those of permanent significance. People who are inclined to follow every new fad or rage do not always take time to become absorbed in those more permanent contributions to culture, such as good literature, fine music, fine art and sound philosophy. There is so much "trash" in radio programs, literature, moving pictures and conversations today that it behooves intelligent people to sift the wheat from the chaff, because

we usually haven't time and money enough for both.

Problems for Discussion

1. Show what motivates the appearance of fads, crazes and fashions.

2. Discuss how you think the woman of good taste will be affected by fashion trends.

3. Discuss the problem created for our people by the influence of advertising which makes the use of tobacco and liquor look fashionable. What do the movies have to do with this problem?

4. What part do persons with prestige, such as the "movie colony," have in influencing fashion trends? How do they affect "fashions in morals," such as marriage ideals?

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Education for Family Life

Family Relationships

Lesson 1

The Family Council Plan

WE PRESENT as our first topic for discussion in the present series of lessons dealing with family relationships, The Family Council Plan, with the hope that some of our members will become sufficiently interested to adopt it as their pattern for family living.

All family life is more or less experimental; therefore, every family who has achieved any degree of success has something of value to contribute to our limited knowledge concerning successful family life. So we suggest that after having given the Family Council Plan a trial over a period of several months an attempt be made to evaluate the experiment on the basis of the primary function of the family, which is the building or molding of personality, and make available to other families our findings that they may profit by our experience.

We understand the Family Council Plan to mean that the family as

a group shall participate in the solving of family problems, in determining family policies, in sharing family duties and responsibilities, rights and privileges; that each member of the family be given an opportunity to function in the group according to his ability. We shall refer to this type of living as the democratic form of family life.

A marriage that represents a partnership, in the true sense of the word, between a man and a woman who sincerely love each other, is the foundation stone upon which to build a democratic family organization. In such a family the father and mother serve as the accepted leaders, with each child cooperating with the other members of the group so that all are working together toward the realization of a common objective.

A democracy can succeed to the extent that it is composed of people who are trained and who are willing to occupy positions of leadership and responsibility, and who are conscientiously dependable. The family, as the primary social institution, must provide this necessary training for its members so that the nation can depend upon the family as its constant source of supply for adequate leadership.

To rear a child in a democratic family environment offers the greatest possibilities for preparing that child to take his place as an active citizen in a democracy. This accomplishment is the responsibility and duty of every family.

Naturally, because of their maturity, experience, and sympathetic understanding, the parents will assume the position of leadership, in which they will have the responsibility of not only encouraging but also of providing opportunity for the development of initiative, of useful participation, and of voluntary cooperation on the part of each child. If such functioning is experienced, the child will cultivate the essential characteristics for life in a democracy. As some of the most important of these characteristics we list the following: The ability to make intelligent choices, resourcefulness, courage, tolerance, a strong sense of justice, a high regard for the proper use of freedom, and the spirit of sportsmanship.

Because the home has lost many of its former functions, because the family tends to do fewer things as a group that call for sharing of duties and services, and because life in the city offers a comparatively limited number of chores to be done around the home, parents must make the most of every opportunity to make use of the services of the child. This means that when the four-year-old girls says, "Mother, I want to help you with the dusting", the mother will not reply, "Oh, you are such a nice little daughter to offer to help Mother, and I know you are a fine little worker, but you run and play and Mother will do the work." Such a reply offers the easiest course of action, but the wiser way would be for the mother to say, "I do need your help, so I shall show you how to dust all the articles that you are tall enough to reach. I shall do the higher ones, and together we can soon have all the dusting finished." This method will take time and patience on the part of the mother, but the value to the child can scarcely

be overestimated. To make use of the child builds up self-confidence. Feeling an active part of the family gives him a sense of security; it gives him an opportunity to experience the satisfaction that comes with the realization that he is a contributing member as well as a receiving member of the group. To deny the child the opportunity to share in family activities gives him a feeling of inferiority because he feels useless. Huxley declares the sense of uselessness is the severest shock which the human system can sustain, and that if persistently sustained it results in atrophy of function.

Only as the child takes part in the planning of the family's activities and in the solving of the family's problems will he develop the cooperative behavior pattern necessary for good citizenship in a democracy. The Family Council Plan offers this opportunity; it gives to the parents the privilege to suggest and advise without seeming to unjustly override the wishes of the child.

It is impossible to outline in detail a technique for the procedure of the Family Council that would be workable in all families. The most that can be done is to offer some suggestions that have worked out satisfactorily in some families and which may, with little modification and adjustment, prove helpful to others.

Before the family adopts the Council method of control there should be a consensus of opinion that such an arrangement is desirable or at least that all members are desirous of giving it a trial. Without the voluntary cooperation of each one the plan cannot work out successfully.

A definite time should be determined when the entire family group can be together for the purpose of discussing affairs of family living. An hour once a week has proved to be the most effective arrangement for most groups. If the meetings are held less frequently it necessitates longer sessions, which is objectionable. The time selected should be when neither the parents nor the children will be too weary or fatigued to take an active part in the discussions. When a regular time has been decided upon, there should be an earnest agreement that each member shall consider the Council meeting the most important engagement for that hour.

Some families have found that meal time is the only time when all members of the family can be present; therefore, they discuss their problems at that time. The serious objection to this method is that unpleasant as well as pleasant subjects must be brought up for discussion. Other groups have found Sunday afternoon to be the most feasible time. In considering the plan for adoption it may appear an almost impossible task to find a suitable hour, but in a surprisingly short time it will be looked forward to as one of the most valuable and interesting of all family routine functions and will require little effort to bring the members together.

Preceding the meeting the parents will have anticipated the more important problems to be discussed.

At the discretion of the parents they may invite one of the older children to lead the discussion. Many times a problem of such importance will come up that inspiration is

needed in its solution. As the problem is discussed and the need for inspiration felt, the family should unite in prayer.

An attitude of mutual respect, expressed through courtesy and politeness in the interaction between husband and wife, between parents and children, and between child and child, should be a feature of every family gathering. Every suggestion or idea offered, even that from the youngest member, should receive due consideration.

We shall sum up a few of the benefits to be derived from the Family Council Meetings as follows:

1. Tends to inhibit the parents from making too many choices for the child. Permits the child to do his own choosing as far as possible and thus develops discriminating tastes.

2. Cultivates a more intimate personal relationship between parents and children. Brings to the attention of the child the whys and wherefores of his parents' actions and decisions.

3. Prepares the child to meet his own problems by training him to think through and discuss problems of adjustment.

4. Builds up an appreciation of the value of family unity and solidarity. Thus it gives the child a sense of security and the satisfaction that comes from the feeling that he belongs and is an active part of the family; that he is loved and respected by other members. He responds with the attitude of loyalty and affection.

5. Sets up a common objective so that the group as a whole is conscious of a definite aim towards which they are exerting their energies.

The democratic mode of family life establishes the home as a laboratory for family living, thus better preparing the parents and the children to live more fully each succeeding day by putting greater emphasis on the human relationship values.

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss the activities in which your family as a group has participated during the last month. Who assumed the responsibility for the making and carrying out of the plans?

2. Do you believe that all family problems should be discussed by children and parents? If not, what are some of the problems that should be settled by parents only? Which ones by children only, if any?

3. Should the use of the automobile by John, the eldest of four children be a problem for John and his parents to solve or for the entire family? Who should decide how many party frocks eighteen-year-old Mary should have?

4. A family consisting of father, mother, two daughters, ages 10 and 14 years respectively, and two sons ages 12 and 16 years respectively, live in a five-room house. They have a small lawn and a small flower garden and they own an automobile. How would you have each child share in the tasks and responsibilities of the family life?

Mission Lessons

L. D. S. CHURCH HISTORY

Lesson 1

The First Vision

(To be used in place of Literary Lesson.)

IN the year 1820 there lived in Western New York a boy whose name was Joseph Smith. At this time he was not yet fifteen, for he had been born just two days before the Christmas of 1805. That event took place in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont.

His parents were Joseph and Lucy (Mack) Smith. The father's ancestors had come to America from a town near London, in England, and the mother's from Inverness, Scotland. In all, Joseph and Lucy Smith had ten children, of whom one had died in infancy. Their son Joseph was their fourth child and their third son. One of his brothers was named Hyrum, of whom we shall hear a great deal in these lessons.

The Smiths had not always lived in New York. Their home before this was in Vermont, where Joseph, the son, was born. There they owned a farm, but failure of crops through drought for three years in succession had forced them to look for another place to live. In Manchester they bought another farm. This change of homes took place in 1815, when the boy was ten years old. God had thus brought the family to where Joseph's work for Him was to be.

Perhaps it should be said here that Manchester, where the Smith family lived, was not really a town, as one might be led to think. Rather it was a township—that is, a large tract of land on which there are scattered farms with people on them. Like a good many other places in America, it had been named for an English city. About two miles away was the town of Palmyra, with its stores and factories and a printing press, and about twenty miles from there was the town of Rochester, a much larger place.

In those days the whole country thereabouts was a great forest, except of course where the "clearings" were, as the towns were called. The Smith farm in Manchester, before the trees and underbrush were cleared away, was in the woods. And so the Smiths had to cut down and burn about one hundred acres of forest before they could put the land to use. This they did, the father and the boys doing their share of the work. For, while the family were poor, as you may have guessed, they were hard workers. They were glad to be on their own land once more, where they could be reasonably independent.

Now, the people in this part of New York State were religious at heart. That is to say, they believed in God, in the Bible, and in another life after this. Most of them belonged to one of the three churches in the place—the Presbyterian, the Baptist, or the Methodist. But sometimes they were careless, like other

folk elsewhere. Religion did not mean very much to many of them, because they used just words instead of deeds. And so it became necessary, every once in a while, for them to be "revived" in the religious spirit. The parents of Joseph, while religious and believers in the Bible, never had belonged to any church, although the mother had been baptized.

Usually in those days people were "revived" after they had become spiritually dead, in special meetings held for this purpose. A preacher would be brought from another town, and this man would hold "revival meetings," often in the woods. As a rule, the preacher would be one who could arouse the feelings of the people to a high pitch. Generally, too, this would be done by picturing the terrors of a never-ending hell, where sinners would burn eternally without being consumed.

To these "revivals" men and women and children would come from near and far. Sometimes there would be as many as ten thousand persons at the same "revival." They brought with them enough food to last a week or ten days, and during this time they lived in tents and wagons. Under the spell of the preacher they would do very strange things, as we think nowadays. Some fell down in a swoon, others shouted and cried, and many would go to the "mourners' bench" and join the church. When the most of them had been "saved," as they said, everybody went home and joined the church of his choice.

It was such a "revival" as this that took place in Manchester in the spring of 1820.

A preacher named Lane wa brought to the settlement. In orde to make the "revival" as complete a possible, the three churches unite in rousing the people to a sense o their sins. It was understood that when the "revival" was over, the con verted might join whatever churc they wanted. Members of the Smit family, including the boy Joseph, at tended these meetings.

Since some of the family ha joined the Presbyterian Church Joseph was greatly troubled as t what he should do. For, after th meetings were over, he believed h ought to become a member of som church. But he did not know whic church to join. One church, for in stance, asked its converts to be bap tized by immersion, while anothe permitted them to be sprinkled Joseph saw clearly that both form could not be right. So he could no make up his mind.

Then, one day, he read the Epistl of James (1:5, 6): "If any of yo lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, an upbraideth not; and it shall be give him. But let him ask in faith, noth ing wavering. For he that waveret is like a wave of the sea driven o the wind and tossed. Let not such man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord."

This passage exactly fitted his case He lacked wisdom, for he did no know what to do. And here was promise that he should receive—i he had faith. So he went out int the woods not far from his home where he could be alone. It was beautiful spring morning. The leave were out, the air was fresh, and every thing was still.

We can easily believe how frightened he was. Although he had often prayed in his heart, this was the first time he had ever attempted to pray aloud. For he had determined to use his voice in this prayer. Kneeling on the soft earth, he began to pour out his thoughts and desires to God.

Then something strange happened. Darkness overwhelmed him—literal, thick darkness. Then, too, all of a sudden, he could not speak. An unseen power took hold of him. It was a terrible thing! But he had presence of mind enough to pray in his heart—this time it was that he might be delivered from this wicked power which was trying to destroy him. Just at the moment when he was about to give up, he saw above him in the sky a brilliant light. At once the evil power left him. Meantime the light continued to come nearer, till it enveloped the tree tops, and he thought they would be set on fire.

"When the light rested upon me," Joseph tells us, "I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description. They were standing above me in the air. One of them spoke to me, calling me by name, and said, 'This is my beloved Son. Hear him!'

"My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked which church I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them. They were all wrong. The people drew near to God with their lips, but their hearts were far from him. The preachers taught the doctrines of men, not the doctrines of God. And they had the form of godliness, but denied the power of God." He was again forbidden to join with any of them.

These two personages were God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ.

Joseph told the vision to his family and to some of his close friends. Among the latter was the minister who tried to convert him to the church. His family believed him, for they had always found Joseph to be truthful. But the minister told him the vision was of the devil, that visions had been done away with. Soon, as news of the vision spread, Joseph found himself the center of unfavorable attention. His neighbors ridiculed and reviled him, and the preachers warned their congregations against him. But Joseph was undaunted. He said to himself:

"I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did in reality speak to me; and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true; and while they were persecuting me, reviling me, and speaking all manner of evil against me falsely for so saying, I was led to say in my heart, Why persecute me for telling the truth? I have actually seen a vision, and who am I that I can withstand God? I had seen a vision; I knew I had, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I."

So far as the churches were concerned, Joseph had now got his mind satisfied. He had learned several things about religion. For one thing, he had learned that God would answer prayer, no matter how humble

the person. The heavens were not sealed against men, in spite of what the churches taught. And then, for still another thing, he had learned that man had really been made in the image of God and that Jesus Christ had truly risen from the dead. He had learned, too, that the Bible could be depended upon, that it was an inspired book.

We shall learn, as we go on with these lessons, what use Joseph made of these truths.

Questions and Suggestions

1. Where and when was Joseph Smith born? Who were his parents? Why did the Smiths not belong to any church prior to 1820, in Manchester?

2. Where is Manchester? Where is Palmyra? Where is Cumorah with respect to these places? (Study the map.)

3. What is a religious revival for? Tell something about the one in Manchester. How was Joseph affected by the revival? Why did he not go to the "mourners' bench"?

4. Relate the First Vision. What truths do we learn from this vision?

5. Read or sing the hymn "Oh How Lovely Was The Morning," and explain why this hymn was chosen in connection with the lesson.

Family Relations Institute

THE Utah Agricultural College is holding an Institute of Family Relations for five days, July 17 to 21 inclusive. Three lectures will be given daily with a concluding daily session devoted to a summary of reports. Outstanding visiting educators as well as prominent local ones will be heard: Dr. William E. Blatz, University of Toronto; Dr. E. Lee Vincent, Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit, Michigan; Mable Wilkerson, Montreal School of Interior Decorating; Arden Frandsen, Psychologist, Utah Agricultural College; Elsa B. Bate, Assistant Professor of Child Development, Utah Agricultural College; and others.

The public is invited to attend the sessions. No tuition will be charged. Housing arrangements at a very nominal cost can be made through contacting the school. In view of the fact that the Relief Society is vitally interested in promoting wholesome family life and is also continuing the "Family Relations" course of study, we regard this as a splendid opportunity for all who can possibly attend.

Hoops For Amanda

(Continued from page 450)

gers over her curls. "I'll wash and get changed. You're too fine for me."

With her young arms around him as far as they would go she hugged him and cried, "Oh, no, but we'll be the handsomest couple there."

Lifting her from the floor he held her close before releasing her. Amanda put on a large apron. It didn't cover her as it had when she wore no hoops. With a pad in her hand she lifted the pot of hot water from the hook and carried it over to the wash basin to pour into the cold water John had dipped out of the water bucket. John took off his shirt and stood waiting.

"I'll stop to give Carl his share of the molasses on the way. We still got that two gallon bucket around here?"

Amanda felt as if the hot water she was pouring from the kettle was going over her. She hadn't planned on telling John about the molasses until after the dance. John grabbed a handful of soap, using it vigorously. What could she do? Mechanically she handed him the towel.

"Where's the bucket?" he asked through the towel.

"It's in the spring house. Won't tomorrow be soon enough to take it to Carl?" she managed to say.

"His folks 've been without sweets, and it'll be good for breakfast.

What could she do? This would spoil everything. She stood shivering.

John was combing his hair in front of the looking glass. She picked up the milk crock and began to pour milk into the cups.

"Did you move the molasses to the spring house? It's not in the corner."

Amanda took a deep breath. "It's gone," was all she could say.

John looked at her, comb in hand. "Where?"

"M-Mr. Rader's boy Willie took it over to the store." She stood very still beside the table, but her hands made the bread knife tremble.

"Why'd Willie do that? I didn't say I had any molasses to sell. There's a mistake."

"N-no- I- I- sold the molasses."

John put the comb slowly down on the bench. "YOU sold the molasses?"

She could only nod her head. It wasn't easy to talk when she might cry.

"It wasn't yours to sell, Mandy."

"It was half mine—wasn't it?"

John looked like he would drop to the floor. "Half yours?" he echoed.

"Father gave it to both of us, didn't he? B-because you were married to me?"

"He gave it to me to do with as I saw fit. Part of it was promised for payment of work done." John took a deep breath. "Where's the money?"

"T-there wasn't any." The tears were giving way to anger.

He stared at her open-mouthed. "He had to give you something in money or barter."

"Th-the hoops—I got the hoops for my dress."

"Those things under your dress?"

She nodded. "He allowed me a dollar a gallon."

John sat down on the nearest stool with a thump. "You set vanity before honor," he said slowly.

"But father'll give us some more."

"That *is not* the point. You knew the molasses was promised."

"S-supper's ready," she said weakly.

"I don't want any."

"You'd better change then or we'll be late."

"I'm not going. I promised molasses to Carl before the dance, and I can't give it to him. I don't feel like partying now."

"But it's the first party since we've been married."

"You spoiled it. We stay home."

"John Stopher, I *had* to have those hoops, but you'd never understand that. Mary Anne Davison'll be there and she's so—"

She stopped at the bewildered expression on his face.

"I won't stay home," she finished.

"You can't go without me."

"Oh, *can't* I?"

Sobbing, Amanda rushed to the bedroom, tied on her bonnet and put on her heavy cape. She sailed past John with head high. If she hurried, it would be possible to get to the Jenson's before they left in their wagon for the amusement hall, for the building was too far away to walk in party finery. Anger and pride soon dried the tears that had slipped from her lashes.

"Could I ride with you to the dance?" Amanda asked as Mrs. Jenson answered her knock. The ten-year-old twins stood with their cloaks on ready to go out the door. Mrs. Jenson's eyes shone with admiration.

"Sure, Mrs. Stopher. Say, you got hoops underneath that skirt?"

"Yes. John h-has something to take care of before he goes, and I thought I could go ahead with you folks—if you don't care."

"I should say so. Girls, stop your staring and go get into the wagon. You can sit up with Carl and me in front."

THE new amusement hall was fairly bursting with laughter, bustle and hustle and light. Candles stood on the rough little shelves on the walls of the room, but there were none above the roaring fireplace, as the flames threw their dancing light over that end of the room. On a long table with log legs were pies, side pork, roast wild turkey and sage hens. Homemade bread and cornpone was piled high on a wooden platter. Fresh butter glistened like captured gold. Puddings made of "Mormon" corn gave forth savory odors, while jugs of milk and cider waited for the thirsty dancers. On one side of the fireplace Jeff Minton and Asael Trestor tuned up their fiddles while old Hezzy Whipple ran the scales on his accordion.

Mary Anne had arrived before Amanda. She lifted her eyebrows when she saw that John was not with his wife. And when she saw the new dress her face seemed frozen with surprise.

Amanda hung her things on a peg and giving her waves and curls a pat she went to the fire to warm her hands. Mary Anne followed her.

"So the little girl-wife has grown up now? You're dress is beautiful, Amanda. Is it a wedding present?"

"The goods is. I made the dress." It made Amanda feel less triumphant when Mary Anne was so nice.

"But the hoops. You must have seen a picture."

"Aunt Annie sent me a new maga-

zine called *Harper's.*" Amanda felt almost ready to offer Mary Anne the book when Mary Anne said, "Well, it makes you look more like a woman and less like a slat," and hurried away.

Amanda had many partners. Charlie Winton had told her she'd never be happy with John and should marry him, but here he was dancing with her and admitting that he was wrong. Anyone as radiant and lovely as she, and in such new style, must be very happy. Amanda explained about John's tardiness, never doubting that he would come and save her reputation, for women didn't go to dances without their husbands. No one said anything, but she felt guilty. The evening went on and still no John. Mrs. Jenson came up with a worried look.

"You want Carl should go see if nothing's wrong?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Jenson. He'll be here soon," Amanda replied. Then the thought of Indians shoved itself into the foreground of her mind. Indians had been prowling around. What if they got mean, knowing everyone was at the dance? Amanda's heart almost stopped beating. "If he isn't here in fifteen minutes Carl can go after him," she told Mrs. Jenson.

"He's got to come. Heavenly Father, he must come," Amanda kept saying to herself. "I'm a selfish pig. He's right. I put vanity before his honor." But she couldn't rush into the night after her husband, nor could she tell everyone present that her husband might be in trouble and it was her fault. She was a baby and should be spanked. Why did she have to have such silly pride? She shouldn't have sold the molasses. But if John was staying away to frighten her he should be ashamed—just as she was ashamed.

SHE was dancing with Fred Brown when she saw John standing just inside the door. Her heart felt as though it had pushed itself up against her breast-bone. She wanted to cry out, to run to him. John didn't look very cheerful, but that didn't matter as long as he was safe. Mrs. Jenson was talking and gesticulating with expressive arms in Amanda's direction. John had to look over and wave a hand, so she waved back with what she hoped looked like airiness. If she only could keep from crying. Darling John! So stern and unbending! He had saved her face by coming—just to be there. The music was brisk, and Amanda had to watch her step. John went over to the fireplace and talked to Carl. The older women were busy at the long table now. Would John come to her after the dance was over? The couples began moving around when the musicians stopped to rest, and Fred guided Amanda over to John.

"Evenin' Fred."

"Glad to see you here," said Fred. "We wus just beginning to think we'd better form a posse and go back to your cabin."

"I told them you'd be late, but we all got worrying," Amanda said hurriedly. John looked at her with such a sober glance it made her catch her breath.

"Everybody git your partner fer the Virginia Reel," called old Sam. "Git ready now. Last dance before the eatin'."

"I'll get my wife fer this dance," said Fred Brown and ducked his head in a little bow.

"You promised this to me," Charlie Winton had come rushing over, then saw John. Amanda looked miserably at her husband.

"Sure," said John, "go on with Charlie."

Oh, dear, this would never do. She'd have to dance the whole thing through with John standing there, and her heart was broken. He did not care after all.

"Bow to your partners," sang out old Sam.

Just as Charlie went back to his place opposite her, Amanda saw John leave the fireplace with a quick stride and come toward them. He took Charlie gently by one arm and pulled him out of line. Charlie grinned and stood back. Amanda almost stumbled. She knew everyone the was amused and thought it some l tle joke.

As they held hands and went ski ping up and down the line, Joh squeezed her hands and whispere "Haven't I seen you somewhere b fore?"

She smiled at him from the co ners of her eyes, and her heart ke time with her feet. "Your face do look familiar, sir," she giggled John grinned. As they held the arms high to allow the other dance to pass through, John looked dee into her eyes, and Amanda felt li a flash of lightning had welded the together. The world was a clou and they were floating upon it.

THE END

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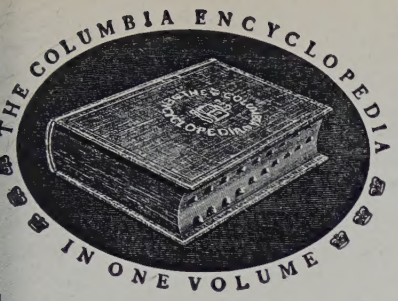

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